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O WISTFUL EYES!

BY A. Y. R.

O wistful eyes! Where did you find your gleam?
In the soft radiance of the April skies?
In the rays wavering in the quiet stream
Where pure and white the water-lily lies?

'Mid wondering musings o'er the tangled scheme
Men make of life? or does the lustrous light,
That underlies their pensive beauty, shine
With the hushed glory of the first love dream,

That gives e'en hope deferred resistless might,
To make of earth a happy Paradise?
God keep the soul within them fresh and fine,
O wistful eyes!

With Blinded Eyes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH-WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

ROWENA went away with her burden a little lightened, unconsciously relieved to learn that she need not always live down to Pattie's level.

By the evening everything was arranged. Mrs. Wyoming had had an interview with Leicester, in which she had assured him of her concurrence in her daughter's choice; and the young man's heart was full of gratitude—hardly of joy, for as yet the great shadow of his life darkened all things even the best and most precious.

She learned also in the course of that conversation, that he had no idea of leaving Ealee.

The place suited him well; he was getting used to the house and grounds; and he would not in any case return to Nottingham now that his business was to be finally transferred to his cousin's hands. He disliked London, and had no idea that Mrs. Wyoming preferred it to any other place; he only knew that the people to whom her house had been let for three months had now agreed to take it off her hands for the remainder of the term, so that she was free from all obligations concerning it.

Mrs. Wyoming was disappointed at first, but reflected presently that it would be much safer to stay on at Ealee; once the summer visitors were gone there would be no fear of detection, while in London people were always turning up unexpectedly.

Then a house free of all expense throughout the winter was a great consideration, and Leicester had begged her and her daughter to remain as his guests, while yet giving her liberty to rule over his household.

It was a great advantage; she felt quite fond of her niece for having secured it for her. She would be able to dress Pattie well, and render her such an attraction that their friends would always be glad to have her, and so she would be kept out of Leicester's way and be placed in a position to do well for herself.

The evening found Pattie gone with Dolph and Hannah Carbutt to play tennis, while her mother gossiped with Mrs. Carbutt on the lawn at River View, and Rowena wandered down to the gate and stared at the river, and went back round the side of the house, musing over her new prospects, and eyeing half ruefully from time to time Pattie's last year's muslin which she was wearing—her own dresses were to be henceforth discarded, as altogether unlike anything that Pattie was in the habit of wearing.

The girl was unconscious that Leicester was thinking, as he sat alone, how he should have liked to have a row on the river in the cool of the evening had Pattie been there to accompany him, or she would have been at his side immediately, not sorry to escape from the pressure of her own thoughts.

She had sat in Pattie's place at his side at dinner, and the constraint that she had felt in playing her cousin's part had acted as a wholesome check upon her more impulsive manner, so that her few remarks, low and half frightened, had not at all been unlike Pattie in her tired and listless moods.

Two or three blunders had occurred; Pattie had called her Rowena, and she had called Pattie by her own name, as also had Mrs. Wyoming; but Leicester, not being on the alert, had not noticed which was speaking, and so the mistakes had passed without disaster.

When Rowena had blundered she had flushed painfully to the roots of her hair; but to Pattie the matter seemed a joke, and she had scarcely been able to control her merriment.

Mrs. Wyoming had owned that Pattie was tired of her blind lover, but still Rowena was surprised that her cousin did not show some feeling, some lingering regret, in parting from him, and had hinted something of the kind after dinner, upon which Pattie had burst into tears, and protested that she did—indeed she did, only—only things easily made her laugh, though it was but for the moment—when she was not laughing she was—she was——

The end of the sentence had been lost in the sobs which choked her utterance, and Rowena had, in swift compunction, taken the pretty head to her bosom, remembering that Pattie was but a fragile creature—not robust like herself.

Rowena was very much of a woman in her keen insight and infinite compassion, but where her affections were concerned she had a man's heart—a great, tender, all-accepting heart, blind to failings, insensible to weakness, placing the object in the halo of her own love, and, thus viewing it, seeing nothing but what was adorable.

She loved Pattie, so she dried her tears and begged her forgiveness, assuring her tenderly that she would never misjudge her so again; and then the girls kissed, and Pattie ran off to her tennis, and Rowena went for her solitary stroll.

After she had walked about till she was tired, she sat down in front of one of the great shrubs on the grass and mused. She longed vainly for the bare school-room and the girls' faces and voices, the dreary garden and the high gates that had seemed like prison bars to unwilling residents—all sweet associations with a happy past that could never come back again.

As she sat thus, lost in unhappy thought, she heard voices and the "swish-swish" of dresses coming nearer and nearer.

Mrs. Wyoming and Mrs. Carbutt were promenading on the lawn, deep in conversation, at a safe distance from the open windows of the house.

Rowena guessed directly the subject of their voluble discourse; she knew what was to be said to Mrs. Carbutt that evening. She only hoped they would pass by the great shrub without seeing her, since she could not move now without attracting their attention, which she did not wish to do.

"Quite the best thing for Pattie, I am sure," was the first remark that reached her ears, from Mrs. Carbutt. "A sweet and pretty girl such as she deserves a better lot."

"Well, I thought so," agreed Mrs. Wyoming, with an ostentatious sigh. "And I am much relieved to have it settled. I have been fearing for some time that it would have to come to this; I saw he was wearing her out, fragile as she is, with his determined gloominess—so much so that at last I ceased to dread the breaking off of it on her account, for I could see she was wearied out, though she was too sweet-tempered to confess it. However, it is all over now, and better managed than I expected. He himself offered her her freedom, you know, and I took it for her—that was all. He is not at all resentful, or you can imagine I should not be going to take charge of him for a little while longer. He had no unkind feeling, but quite appreciates Pattie's many attractions—poor fellow!—and sees that such a marriage could not be desirable for her. But still, of course, he is not any more cheerful or sociable for the event of to-day, and I must ask you to excuse him this evening. He is not fond of company at any time now, you know, and to-night is less inclined for it than ever."

"Any one would feel such a loss," assented Mrs. Carbutt. "I pity him more than I can express, while yet I am sure that it is for the best, and I think that he himself will acknowledge it in the years to come, when his disappointment has worn off."

"I hope he will," returned Mrs. Wyoming. "And—and I don't mind telling you in strict confidence, that I have some ground for that hope. It is a great comfort to me—feeling, as I do, like a mother towards him—to be able to hope that in depriving him of Pattie I am not destroying his life's happiness."

They had passed behind the screen in front of which Rowena was seated.

"You must know that my niece is not to return to her school—for the next term, at all events. When it was finally decided that Pattie's engagement should be ended, and also that I should stay on a little longer with poor Charley, until he got more accustomed to his sad condition, of course Pattie was quite left out of the arrangement. I must send her somewhere to stay until I am at liberty again——"

"We should be delighted to have her," interposed Mrs. Carbutt eagerly.

"And I am sure I should be charmed," responded Mrs. Wyoming promptly. "But she must leave Ealee—it would never do for her to stay on here. They would always be meeting, and it would be very painful."

"He would not know when she was near," suggested Mrs. Carbutt, "so that she need not stop to speak if they met when out. His feelings could not be hurt, with a little caution on our part."

"No; we must think of her feelings, and I am sure it would be very trying for her," demurred Mrs. Wyoming. "It is very good of you, dear Mrs. Carbutt, and I am grateful to you for thus kindly offering to help me in my dilemma; but out of Ealee, I think, dear Pattie must go. New surroundings too will help her to forget."

"To be sure," agreed Mrs. Carbutt, though a little drily, or so it seemed to Rowena. "But"—in her ordinary tones—"that need not constitute an objection to Pattie's coming to us. The house here is taken to the end of the month, and as ours in Kensington will be at liberty in a few days, I should not mind how soon we returned, to oblige an old friend. Hannah too—I am sure she would be willing to give up the rest of the time here to secure dear Pattie for a long stay; they are so fond of each other!"

"Oh, I could not think of allowing such a thing!" declared Mrs. Wyoming, with a great show of decision; but she did not allow it, after a certain amount of persuading and protesting and hesitating, and it was finally decided among them that Pattie should leave River View at once for their friends' house, and depart with the family for London at the end of the week.

All the time they maintained their position behind the shrub, seeming to consider it a good place for exchanging confidences.

When Pattie's destination had been decided upon, Mrs. Carbutt said—

"You were going to tell me something about your niece, I believe, when I interrupted you with my offer to receive dear Pattie at my house?"

"Oh, yes; I was talking about Rowena!" Mrs. Wyoming spoke with some slight embarrassment, in spite of her carefully cultivated sang-froid.

"Yes," she continued, "she is going to stay with me, and help me to cheer up poor Charley; and I was about to say to you, in strict confidence, that I really should not wonder if by-and-by he were to console himself with her. You will be very careful not to mention it, will you not? It would be so unpleasant for them if it reached their years, especially if the thing never happened after all."

"Oh, I should never think of mentioning it!" rejoined Mrs. Carbutt.

"She is a clever girl, you know, and seems to understand people, though she is so shockingly uncouth, and altogether unprepossessing; and she manages him wonderfully. I do believe"—impressively—"that she would suit him better than Pattie, if once he were to think so. She is formed in a coarser mould, you know, and his irritability does not wound her as it did my poor dear child, who bore patiently more than I can tell you until I came to the rescue. And in this case her appearance, which everywhere else is so terribly against her, would not signify."

"To be sure!" agreed Mrs. Carbutt. "A very good thing for both of them, if they could see it in that light. But I suppose she would be glad to get such an opportunity"—in a tone of careless commiseration that seemed to pierce Rowena's heart.

"Well, I should imagine so," returned Mrs. Wyoming indifferently. "And, since she can never succeed in society like other girls, it would not be at all a bad thing for her, if she did not mind a blind husband."

She was evidently smoothing the way for Mrs. Carbutt to hear of their engagement after a time, possibly thinking it wiser to do so than to risk the chance of her hearing it by accident, and perhaps, in her astonishment, working incalculable mischief.

"A very good thing for her," assented Mrs. Carbutt, with emphasis. "No doubt she will have the sense to see it, and not lose the chance if it offers itself."

"I hope so," was the reply. "I don't deny that it would be a relief to me to know that she was provided for. One wants all one has for one's own, naturally, and the thought of anything happening to her so that she should be left helpless upon my hands has often been an anxiety to me. I should have to keep her—there is no one else to do it, and she has nothing of her own—and it would not be fair towards dear Pattie; but, all the same, it would have to be done, unless she could get settled. This will be her only chance, I should say."

"But a very good one," supplemented Mrs. Carbutt, "and a very likely one too, I should think, unless he should prove too constant to your Pattie."

Rowena was indignant, she could scarcely restrain herself from springing out and confronting them with the information that she had never given a thought to the future when she had yielded up the pre-

ent to Charley Leicester, and that he certainly should not be burdened with her, for she would have nothing more to do with him, but would go back to Lyngate at once, and get Mrs. Hayter to take her in, until the school reopened. Fortunately she retained sufficient self-control not to reveal herself.

"Isn't it time our young people were back?" queried Mrs. Wyoming, as though glad to change the subject.

"Let us go to the gate and see if they are within sight," proposed Mrs. Carbutt; and they strolled away.

Rowena felt that she had been tricked and cheated, for she now saw that her aunt had a very different motive from that which she had alleged for not wishing to cast Leicester off altogether.

His money was still a thing to be desired, though he himself was not, and she dreaded the very thought of Rowena becoming a burden upon her hands some day.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. WYOMING and her companion were not to be seen when Rowena went round to the front of the house. Perhaps they had become tired of waiting at the gate.

However it was, they had disappeared, and someone else stood in their place—a young man in a light suit and round hat, whose fair hair showed a little under the brim. He was pausing, as if in uncertainty, with the handle in his grasp.

Rowena stared at him wonderingly for a moment, and then ran to meet him, the color rushing hotly to her cheeks, and a mist of tears before her eyes.

"Errol!" she said, as she reached him, taking her hand and trying to return his smile. "How ever did you come here? The last person I should have expected to see!"

"Or wished to see?" he supplemented roguishly.

Rowena did not answer that, knowing there was no need.

"I thought I should surprise you," he said. "But I was so near that I could not resist the temptation of coming up to have a peep at you. My uncle at Moorfields asked me to pay him a short visit, and the journey brought me straight through here, with an hour's waiting at this station for the down train, so I employed that interval in a diligent search for River View, and have been so long over it that I shall have but twenty minutes' chat with you, now I have found you at last"—consulting his watch as he spoke.

"Come in at once, then," she said. "You will hardly have time to be introduced to them."

"Who are 'them,' pray?" he inquired quizzically, apparently elated by the meeting, and in a particularly good humor with the world.

"My aunt, and—and Mr. Leicester. Pattie is out—at least, I do not know that she has come home yet."

"Well, I don't see the good of that—going in to be introduced, and sitting on the edge of a chair, twirling my hat and uttering polite nothings, when we might be enjoying a cosy little chat where we are—eh, Rowena?"

"Just as you like," she replied, a little uneasy at the thought of her new position, yet in a tremor of delight at the sound of the well-known voice, at the glance of the blue eyes that had never seemed to smile so kindly before.

"Then I 'like' to stay just here, where I can speak my mind, and ask you any sort of questions I choose—whether your aunt is as much of a tartar as I know she used to be, whatever you may say—and how your cousin likes her blind sweetheart——"

"Oh, hush, Errol—they might hear you!"

"Not if there's no one between us and the house"—glancing across the broad green lawn, dotted with large shrubs and vases of flowering plants, towards the verandah in the distance, from under which the windows reflected the low sunrays. "Well, it won't be long, I suppose, before we have you back at Lyngate? The school opens on the eighteenth, doesn't it?"

"I was going to write to Mrs. Hayter—I have not had time yet," she began, in a hurried, yet hesitating way. "I think aunt will write to Miss Crosby. I—I am not coming back, Errol."

"Not coming back!"

He stared at her incredulously for a moment; then, with a show of carelessness that was belied by the faint color that tinted his fair face, he asked—

"Found something else better worth doing—eh?"

The words brought a hot flush to her cheeks, and made her stammer so that Errol Hayter looked at her in astonishment.

"Whatever is up, Rowena?" he inquired at last, in his unceremonious schoolboy way.

"I—I can't tell you all about it now," she said. "You will know by-and-by. I shall write to your mother and tell her, but I can't tell you just now. I—I am going to stay on with my aunt Annie for a time. Pattie is going away on a visit, and—and I shall keep aunt company."

"Only for a time? But Miss Crosby will have to get some one to take your place, if it is only for a month, and then perhaps you will find it very difficult to get in again. You had better think twice over that Rowena—and we shouldn't like to lose you."

She looked up at him—she was a well-grown girl, and he was a slender comely young fellow, not more than a couple of inches taller than herself—and found his eyes resting upon her face quite gravely, with an expression that made her heart beat more quickly, though she could hardly have told why.

"It will be—for the winter," she murmured. "Perhaps—I don't suppose that——"

"You mean that you are not coming back any more," he said, after waiting in vain for her to finish her sentence. "Oh, Rowena, I never thought you would want to leave us!"

He spoke reproachfully. Rowena's heart, which had been so fitful and troublesome of late, throbbed with a momentary ecstasy.

"And I don't," she answered. "But I must. There is something for me to do, and I have begun to do it, and I can't draw back."

'Now, what has that aunt of yours been letting you in for?" he inquired coaxingly, in some concern at her evident agitation.

He had never seen Mrs. Wyoming, but had formed his idea of her from what Rowena had said about her from time to time, though the girl was much dismayed when she found what sort of an impression she had unwittingly given him.

His suspicion came so near the truth that she was startled.

"I—I will tell your mother about it when I write," she answered evasively.

"And when, then, am I to see you again?" he asked, with that new glance which caused the strange throbbing in Rowena's breast.

"When? Oh, I—I—— Does it matter when?" she finished at last, awkwardly, it being something novel in her experience to have anyone thus tenderly express a wish for her presence.

"Well, I think it does," he said very gently. "When you were gone, Rowena, and were no longer coming in and out, and playing lawn tennis, and talking over the theory of music, and fifty other things—you mayn't believe me, but—I felt the difference. You and I must not be parted, unless by your own will."

"It's of no use talking like that," she said bluntly, after a moment's miserable pause, a moment's wild regret that these words, never expected, should now have come too late. "I am not coming back any more, and—and—everything will be different now. I—I have work to do that will separate me from all of you."

She nearly broke down, and Hayter, by way of protest, would have put his arm about her, but she repulsed him almost roughly.

"Don't—you mustn't! It's of no use"—reiterating that phrase with a sadness that she could not disguise.

"Tell me what you mean, and let me judge of that," he returned. "It is folly to talk in enigmas like this. I may just as well know the truth now, as a week or a month hence"—impatiently.

"Perhaps you had better," she admitted slowly. "But I can't bear to tell you. You will think so dreadfully of me."

"That's very likely! You usually do such dreadful things, don't you?"

But, once having made up her mind, she would not stop, and, without further preamble, told him all in a breathless horrified fashion, leaving out nothing, but shielding and defending Pattie in every possible way.

The young man was not a little astonished, as she might have expected; but she shuddered at his expressions of amazement, as though they had been so many accusations.

"And you will sacrifice yourself in that way?" he demanded.

Not an hour since she was telling herself that she was relinquishing nothing, and now—now her act was indeed raised to the nobility of a sacrifice!

"I have begun it," she said stolidly, to hide the passion of grief that shook her—"of course I shall not draw back."

"But the thing is preposterous! He will be sure to find you out!"

"He will not. I shall always be on my guard."

"I wish I had that precious aunt of yours here to give her a bit of my mind! I'd go to the house after her, if my time were not up!"—with a wrathful reference to his watch. "I never heard of such a thing in my life! And are you aware that he could punish you all for it—and will, no doubt, when he finds you out?"

This sort of argument only made Rowena obstinate.

"That will not happen," she said.

"Suppose I tell him? That would be a fair thing to do, I am sure."

"But you will not," she asserted quietly. "You will tell your father and mother, if you please, but no one else. I have chosen to do it, and if I succeed in making him happy I shall not have lived in vain. You who have your eyesight ought to have more consideration for one shut up in the dark as he is."

In vain the young man reasoned and scolded and stormed.

He did not go the right way to work, for one thing, and then all Rowena's conscientious instincts were against her yielding to her own inclinations.

In the midst of their controversy a voice speaking close to them made them both start.

"What—oh—I beg pardon, I am sure!" Errol ejaculated.

Somehow or other, as the two stood thus at the gate, they had not noticed the sound of footsteps along the riverside street, nor merry voices that suddenly ceased as the new-comers paused at the gate, and found the way thus stopped.

Dolph Carbutt was requesting the favor of room for his companions to pass—his sister and Pattie, with tennis-rackets in their hands, their cheeks flushed with exercise. Errol Hayter moved hurriedly out of the way, and the three new-comers glanced curiously at him.

It was a matter for remark to find Rowena talking to a handsome young man at the gate in the gloaming.

"Is that your cousin in the blue dress?" whispered Errol when they had passed.

"Yes—I forgot—you must speak to her, Pattie!" she called; and Pattie turned and approached, with her sweetest smile, looking so lovely with her pink flush on her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes that Rowena was prouder of her than ever.

"This is Mr. Errol Hayter, the son of my dear friend, the Rector of Lyngate," said Rowena. "My cousin Pattie, Errol"—with frank simplicity.

Pattie stayed a few moments, talking very prettily, and begging Errol to come in and see her mother; but he declined, though with evident reluctance, as his time was now up.

"I must say good-bye at once," he said, "or I shall lose my train."

Pattie put out her hand with charming friendliness, and he was quick to take it.

As he turned to Rowena, she told him that she would walk part of the way to the station with him.

She did not want to part from him thus; she wanted to make him see this outrageous matter in a better light before he left her.

"Tell aunt I will not be long, will you, Pattie?" she added; and Pattie promised, and nodded a smiling farewell as she tripped over the lawn after her companions.

Hayter turned his head to look at her as he went out of the gate with Rowena.

"What a lovely girl!" he observed.

"I always told you she was," answered Rowena, as they walked off together.

"Yes; but I never imagined she was anything like that. I never saw a face like hers in my life! No wonder her friends thought it wasted on that poor blind chap!"

"He saw it, and chose it before he was blind," she reminded him.

"And he certainly showed good taste!"

There was a short silence, which Rowena occupied in thinking how she could bring him to a milder view of her conduct, when suddenly he said—

"And who was the fellow with her? Not the blind man's successor, I hope?"

"Her engagement was only ended today," replied Rowena.

"And I should say that fellow is uncommonly glad of it, from the way he was looking at her!"

"He does care for her," she admitted. "His sister told me so. But, of course, plenty of people will fall in love with Pattie, and she would surely choose somebody very different from him."

"It would be a shame if she didn't—if he's as great an idiot as he looks!"

"Well, I think him silly," she replied, wondering at the warm interest Errol showed in the affairs of a stranger. "But they seem to like him well enough. However, liking isn't——"

"Oh, no, no, of course not!" he answered promptly, as though she had finished her sentence. "A girl would have enough to do if she were expected to be spoons on every fellow with whom she played tennis!"

Somehow or other Pattie and her affairs filled the conversation for the remainder of the walk, and the matter over which he had been so excited was alluded to only as touching her.

"I can better understand the mother's being unwilling to consign a girl like that to such a life," he observed; but he did not go again into the question that had so interested him before the encounter at the gate—of why Rowena should be given up to it any more than another.

"He has fallen in love with Pattie at first sight," said Rowena to herself, after he had gone. "He thought he liked me a little, until he saw someone more lovely than I suppose he had believed any human being could be. He doesn't mind now about me. Oh, don't let me repine at my lot! What should I have suffered if I had been free to-night, and had promised to marry him, and then he had seen Pattie, and been like this!"

But, in spite of her brave persistence in looking on the best side, Rowena's pillow was wet with bitter tears that night.

* * * * * *

Rowena was subjected to a good deal of questioning the next morning concerning her visitor of the previous evening, and also received an admonition regarding her walk with him in the twilight; after which she was sent down-stairs to talk to Mr. Leicester, while Mrs. Wyoming helped her daughter to get ready for her departure.

"Does Mr. Leicester know that Pattie is going away?" Rowena inquired.

"He knows that Rowena is going away," her aunt replied. "I told him last night."

Rowena stepped along so carefully that she reached Leicester's side, as he stood at the open hall-door, smoking in the September sunshine, without his being aware of her approach until she gently touched his sleeve. He turned then, and seized her hand.

"What a little witch you are," he said, "to steal upon me unawares like that! But I was thinking."

"Don't think," she replied. "You do too much of that."

"Well, what else is there for me to do? I can't read, or go about by myself."

"Well, I have been thinking, too," she rejoined.

He had drawn her hand within his arm, and she let it remain, though much against her will.

"And I have come to the conclusion," she went on, "that we don't go out regularly enough. Sometimes we go, but only to buy something, and to look in at the shop windows, and sometimes we feel lazy, and stay at home. The boating season is nearly over now, and the people will be going, so that there will be very few about, and we shall have more time to ourselves. I should like to go out every day regularly, if you would accompany me—not in the streets for a stroll, but for a good walk out into the country."

"I shall always be pleased, whenever you wish," he answered.

"If we are going to stay here for the winter," she went on, "we ought to settle down into some sort of routine, and make the best of our time."

"You must have been borrowing some ideas from that practical cousin of yours," he observed, with a smile; and she was dismayed for a moment, but quickly recovered herself.

"Why, what makes you think that Rowena has any ideas of that sort?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know that she has—only I am quite certain that they did not emanate from this pretty head"—raising his hand and stroking her hair—the red hair that the Misses Crosby's school had contemned.

It was fortunate that both her hair and Pattie's had a slight curly tendency. Rowena thought of this while the smooth brown hand passed over her locks and then fell upon her shoulder.

"You think I have nothing in me," she

said, a happy idea striking her: "but I am going to show you that I have something. I am going to do a great many things for you, if you will let me."

"You are mistaken as to my opinion of you. But I am so curious to hear about the 'many things' you are going to do for me that I'll let that pass for the present."

Something in his tone or manner made her look up at him.

He was smiling, and the smile had banished for the moment his usual expression of melancholy. But for those sightless eyes he was a handsome man then, she thought.

"One of them is reading," she replied. "I thought—I wondered if you would like me to read to you. If you would I should be so glad to do it."

"I should like it very much," he said heartily. "The difficulty would be to find a book that both you and I would care about. I couldn't stand your three-volume novels, you know—at least, hardly any of them."

"Oh, but if we read what you liked it would be a good opportunity for me to learn something worth knowing! I know you are very clever, and I should like—I should like to get nearer to your mind."

She spoke with a quaintness that seemed to amuse and surprise Leicester—and, in truth, she grew the more pleasing as she warmed to her subject, and thought less of saying just the things that Pattie would be likely to say.

"My little girl," he said laughingly, yet tenderly too, "who has been putting all this into your head? That cousin of yours, I'll be bound!"

"Don't you want to do it, then?" she asked, in a tone of disappointment.

"I am afraid to think about it, lest it should never come true," he answered. "But who or what suggested the idea?"

"Perhaps it was Rowena. I see you don't mean to let me have the credit of it, so I may as well admit it. But let me read to you once, and if you don't like it I will never ask to do it again."

"Of course I shall like it—only too well," he said, with the music of her soft voice in his ear, which in itself was a charm, quite independent of what meaning it might convey.

"May I look at your books?" she inquired hesitatingly.

"Certainly—and choose to please yourself, not me, if you can find anything among them to suit your taste at all."

"Oh, I shall be sure to do that!"

"Your mother will think you mean to be a little blue-stocking!"

"And perhaps I do! At any rate, she will not mind. And, on the other hand, when she wants me to go shopping with her you will not mind arranging our daily walk to suit her time, will you?"

She said this, suddenly remembering that she must appear to care about pretty things, and shopping, and such small vanities, a good deal more than she actually did, or it would not be at all like Pattie.

"I have never minded—have I?" he returned.

"No, you have been very patient; and sometimes I have not known how to bear to leave you alone; but I have had to do it."

With a quick movement, he put his arm about her.

"And a very good thing, too," he rejoined.

He was pleased to know that he had been thought of thus—that he had not been left behind gladly, as a burden is relinquished—she could see it, by the lighting up of his dark face, and she was pleased that this small piece of consolation was genuine.

It comforted her to remember that, whoever forgot or ignored her for others more attractive, she now had the happiness of having one person depending on her—she now had the power of brightening one dark and dreary life.

"Shall we begin to-day," she said, "after Rowena"—she had some slight difficulty in pronouncing the name—"is gone? She is going very soon."

Mrs. Wyoming had told him that Mrs. Carbutt and her family had been suddenly recalled home, and that as she had asked Rowena to return with them for a long visit, and it was plain to see that Mrs. Carbutt's son was at the bottom of it, she—Mrs. Wyoming—had thrown her influence upon the side of Rowena's accepting the invitation, though it entailed the loss of her situation at Lyngate.

"I'll tell you what we might do," he said. "Let our walk to-day be to the town library and there let us choose a book in which there will be something to suit us both. I have read all mine two or three times, and there is hardly one among them that you would like."

Rowena was glad to find him displaying interest in anything, and they settled that if there was not time before lunch they would go afterwards.

Then the fly came round to the door, and Pattie descended the stairs, looking radiant, and yet half frightened at the prospect of having to say good-bye to the man she was thus jilting.

Her mother was nervous too, perhaps fearing a break-down. But the parting passed off very well, the girl replying very shortly and timidly to Leicester's farewell, and getting away as quickly as possible.

Rowena pitied Leicester keenly for the loss of which he was in such utter ignorance, and she could not refrain from a feeling of deep compassion as she saw how lightly he parted from her whom he loved.

When Pattie had gone they went to the library and got "John Bull and His Island," and spent the rest of the morning sitting under the trees reading it and laughing at it.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was getting too dark and chilly to go on the water in the evening now, but Leicester still sat outside in the verandah and smoked his cigar; and to-night, after dinner, Rowena put a wrap over Pattie's muslin dress, and joined him, determined from this day to begin as she meant to go on, and allow no brooding or moping that she could dispel with cheerful talk, or even, if necessary, make such a show of affection as should comfort the young man's impatient aching heart.

She hated the idea, but she had made up her mind to do it, and she was not the kind of girl to do things in a half-hearted way.

She tried to conquer the thought of Errol Hayter's blue eyes by her infinite compassion for those poor sightless ones of the man to whom she had undertaken to be a guide.

Again and again she told herself that it was a great consolation to know that Errol was inconstant in his fancy for herself—that the sight of Pattie's face had changed his feelings in a moment.

Mrs. Wyoming thought that the girl had been looking ill all day, and supposed that it must be from the strain of keeping up appearances, or of breaking up old associations.

Rowena had not liked the idea of leaving school—Mrs. Wyoming remembered that, because it had so surprised her.

She might have speculations concerning her niece's visitor of the day before, but she could not guess at the bitter pangs by which the girl was being assailed.

"What—you coming out here?" said Leicester, in surprise, as Rowena, in her woolen wrap, took the seat at his side. "Aren't you afraid of catching cold?"

"No, not with this warm shawl on. I should like to stay for a little while—unless you would rather be alone"—somewhat timidly, not remembering to have seen Pattie follow her lover out on to the verandah, and fearing he might think her forward.

But he put his arm about her and drew her close to him as he answered—

"Not I, indeed! I shall get more of you now that that cousin of yours is gone, perhaps!"

"I believe you are glad she is gone," she returned, yielding to the pressure of his arm, though it still seemed very strange and dreadful to receive his caresses.

"Well, I don't mean anything uncomplimentary to her if I say that I am. She was a nice girl enough, and quite interested me, on the rare occasions when she ventured to address me, with her quaint clever ideas. But of course you were more or less taken up with her, and I am selfish enough to like to have you all to myself for a little while sometimes."

"Well, you will now," she replied—"for all the winter."

"I am not so selfish as that," he rejoined. "I know you like the Christmas gaiety as well as anybody, Pattie, and I should be sorry to keep you at home even once on my account. You must go and dance without me this year; you will get plenty of partners—no fear of that. Do you remember what a merry Christmas we had last year?"—with a sigh as of one who recalls past pleasures that can never again be enjoyed.

"It was very pleasant," she agreed. "But I have been thinking of a different kind of Christmas this year. We have both altered since then. Perhaps what has happened to you has had its effect upon me too—it ought to have had, if you are anything to me. I don't seem to care so much about balls and parties, and so on—if I liked them then, wasn't it because you were there to dance with me? I should like to lead a quieter life this winter, and—and learn some things that I need to know, so as to be a real companion to you. That is my ambition, if—if you will help me and teach me."

He pressed his lips to hers, and for a while that was all the reply he gave, and she sat encircled by his strong arm, and watched the moon shining upon the river and silvering the trees that bent over it.

"Pattie," he said at last, "do you know you astonish me very much?"

"Do I?" she replied, forcing a little laugh. "Perhaps I astonish myself."

"I thought you were a butterfly—a lovely sweet little creature enough, but still, a butterfly—and now—now you——"

"Think of me now as a human being like yourself, able to feel, to sympathize—to be sorrowful, and to rejoice——"

She stopped, suddenly conscious that she had altogether forgotten her role, and had spoken in the natural language of her heart.

But he did not seem to notice it; he was probably carried away by the feeling of the moment.

However it was, he seemed only absorbed in their conversation.

"And to love?" he added gently, with a note of interrogation in his tone that appealed powerfully to her sympathies.

"And to love," she acquiesced, with a pain at her heart that he little dreamed of; and it was no comfort to her to be taken to his breast in response.

Mrs. Wyoming and her niece called at Mrs. Carbutt's on the Friday, and found Pattie very busy teaching Dolph stringwork.

The weather had now become too showery for tennis, but they had found occupation within doors equally engrossing and amusing, or so it appeared, and Hannah looked on at them as they bent together over the frame.

Pattie showed herself at her very best, and Rowena left her at last with the full conviction that the task from which she had been released would have been too much for one of her temperament.

But when she reached home, and several petty concealments had to be practised, she became disgusted with herself and with all who had urged her on to such a course; and thus, tossed from one side to the other, doubting, hesitating, fretting, Rowena's cheeks began to lose a little of their healthy tint before her cousin was on her way to London.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH TRAMPS.—It is calculated that Wordsworth, in his many years of sauntering, must have traveled a distance of 180,000 miles.

What sights he saw during such prolonged and delightful wanderings, only those who have the poet's mind and eye can even guess.

Charles Dickens was a confirmed tramp, and no doubt acquired his experience of "life on the road" from actual acquaintance with all sorts of vagabonds and odd characters, such as frequent towns and country lanes and highways.

One of the most remarkable of unprofessional walkers was Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of literature. His fine physique and great endurance prompted him to the performance of wonderful feats, which seemed to him entirely a matter of course.

He once walked forty miles in eight hours, and at another time walked from Liverpool to Ellesay in twenty-four hours, a distance of eighty miles.

It is good to think of the long, unwearied strides with which he swung along, his blood bounding with healthy pulses, and sending invigorating waves to the active brain.

Henry Fawcett, the ex-head of the English postal department, also, was a tireless walker and one who when deprived of sight did not for a moment think of relinquishing this among many forms of [illegible].

His was a familiar figure on the roads about Cambridge, and there is no exaggeration in saying that few men blessed with all their senses could enjoy nature more thoroughly than he.

Southey, worn and preyed upon by mental application and the practical anxieties of every-day life, found his greatest relief in tramping about the country, listening for what nature had to tell him and learning contentment from her stability.

Bric-a-Brac.

BRETON BUTTER.—The Breton peasants make all their butter from sour milk. The milk is emptied into a large earthern jar, and allowed to remain, in the summer, till it is sour. In winter it is continually warmed at a moderate fire till it has turned. The whole contents of these jars are emptied into a churn worked by hand or horse gear. The butter from this, if properly handled, is as sweet as that made from cream in the usual manner.

PERFUMES.—The method in which most perfumes are obtained from flowers is not of the most esthetic nature. The flower petals are spread over glasses which have previously been covered with a quarter-inch layer of fat. The glasses are then shut tightly into wooden frames, and before long the fat absorbs all the perfume. The next process is to cut up the fragrant fat into small pieces and put these into alcohol. The perfume at once deserts its oily protector and unites with the alcohol. It is then fit for the market.

A MILLION BUSHELS.—A great many people glibly talk about a million bushels of wheat; but very few of them realize what a vast amount that is. A wheat broker says "that if a million bushels were loaded on freight cars, five hundred bushels to a car, it would fill a train over fifteen miles long. If transported by wagons, forty-four bushels per wagon, it would make a line of teams one hundred and forty-two miles long. If made into bread, reckoning a bushel to every sixty pounds of flour, it would give each man, woman and child in the United States a two-pound loaf of bread."

IN CHINA.—Food averages a little more than one dollar a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks, and eats his meals alone, spends from one and a half to two dollars a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing three and a half cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, vegetables and fruit, costing a cent and a half, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.

THE NUTMEG.—Although the nutmeg is universally used, few people perhaps know that it is the innermost kernel of the fruit of a small tree that grows about 30 feet high. It is a native of the East Indies, but is cultivated in other tropical lands. The fruit is small and peach-like, but with a smooth surface, and turns yellow when ripe. The exterior, a thick, fleshy husk, dries up and cracks, disclosing the nut. The outer covering of this nut is what we know as mace. It is red at first, but turns to a light brown when dried. Next comes a hard, shining shell, and inside that is the nutmeg. The tree bears about the eighth or ninth year from the seed.

DENTISTRY IN JAPAN.—The Japanese dentist does not frighten his patient with an array of steel instruments. All his operations in tooth drawing are performed by the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is only acquired after long practice, but once it is obtained the operator is able to extract a half-dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with the pulling out of pegs which have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of hard pegs which have been driven into an oak plank with a mallet. No human jaw can resist the delicate but powerful manipulation of the Japanese dentist.

A STRANGE CANAL.—The strangest canal in the world, perhaps, is a canal 16 miles long, between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England, and is underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground. So the canal was constructed, the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canalboats are used, but the powder is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are cross-pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the coal and push with their feet against the cross bars on the roof. Six or eight men will draw a train of four or five boats, and, as there are two divisions in the tunnel, boats pass each other without difficulty.

ent to Charley Leicester, and that he certainly should not be burdened with her, for she would have nothing more to do with him, but would go back to Lyngate at once, and get Mrs. Hayter to take her in, until the school reopened. Fortunately she retained sufficient self-control not to reveal herself.

"Isn't it time our young people were back?" queried Mrs. Wyoming, as though glad to change the subject.

"Let us go to the gate and see if they are within sight," proposed Mrs. Carbutt; and they strolled away.

Rowena felt that she had been tricked and cheated, for she now saw that her aunt had a very different motive from that which she had alleged for not wishing to cast Leicester off altogether.

His money was still a thing to be desired, though he himself was not, and she dreaded the very thought of Rowena becoming a burden upon her hands some day.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. WYOMING and her companion were not to be seen when Rowena went round to the front of the house. Perhaps they had become tired of waiting at the gate.

However it was, they had disappeared, and someone else stood in their place—a young man in a light suit and round hat, whose fair hair showed a little under the brim. He was pausing, as if in uncertainty, with the handle in his grasp.

Rowena stared at him wonderingly for a moment, and then ran to meet him, the color rushing hotly to her cheeks, and a mist of tears before her eyes.

"Errol!" she said, as she reached him, taking her hand and trying to return his smile. "How ever did you come here? The last person I should have expected to see!"

"Or wished to see?" he supplemented roguishly.

Rowena did not answer that, knowing there was no need.

"I thought I should surprise you," he said. "But I was so near that I could not resist the temptation of coming up to have a peep at you. My uncle at Moorfields asked me to pay him a short visit, and the journey brought me straight through here, with an hour's waiting at this station for the down train, so I employed that interval in a diligent search for River View, and have been so long over it that I shall have but twenty minutes' chat with you, now I have found you at last"—consulting his watch as he spoke.

"Come in at once, then," she said. "You will hardly have time to be introduced to them."

"Who are 'them,' pray?" he inquired quizzically, apparently elated by the meeting, and in a particularly good humor with the world.

"My aunt, and—and Mr. Leicester. Pattie is out—at least, I do not know that she has come home yet."

"Well, I don't see the good of that—going in to be introduced, and sitting on the edge of a chair, twirling my hat and uttering polite nothings, when we might be enjoying a cosy little chat where we are—eh, Rowena?"

"Just as you like," she replied, a little uneasy at the thought of her new position, yet in a tremor of delight at the sound of the well-known voice, at the glance of the blue eyes that had never seemed to smile so kindly before.

"Then I 'like' to stay just here, where I can speak my mind, and ask you any sort of questions I choose—whether your aunt is as much of a tartar as I know she used to be, whatever you may say—and how your cousin likes her blind sweetheart——"

"Oh, hush, Errol—they might hear you!"

"Not if there's no one between us and the house"—glancing across the broad green lawn, dotted with large shrubs and vases of flowering plants, towards the verandah in the distance, from under which the windows reflected the low sunrays. "Well, it won't be long, I suppose, before we have you back at Lyngate? The school opens on the eighteenth, doesn't it?"

"I was going to write to Mrs. Hayter—I have not had time yet," she began, in a hurried, yet hesitating way. "I think aunt will write to Miss Crosby. I—I am not coming back, Errol."

"Not coming back?"

He stared at her incredulously for a moment; then, with a show of carelessness that was belied by the faint color that tinted his fair face, he asked—

"Found something else better worth doing—eh?"

The words brought a hot flush to her cheeks, and made her stammer so that Errol Hayter looked at her in astonishment.

"Whatever is up, Rowena?" he inquired at last, in his unceremonious schoolboy way.

"I—I can't tell you all about it now," she said. "You will know by-and-by. I shall write to your mother and tell her, but I can't tell you just now. I—I am going to stay on with my aunt Annie for a time. Pattie is going away on a visit, and—and I shall keep aunt company."

"Only for a time? But Miss Crosby will have to get some one to take your place, if it is only for a month, and then perhaps you will find it very difficult to get in again. You had better think twice over that Rowena—and we shouldn't like to lose you."

She looked up at him—she was a well-grown girl, and he was a slender comely young fellow, not more than a couple of inches taller than herself—and found his eyes resting upon her face quite gravely, with an expression that made her heart beat more quickly, though she could hardly have told why.

"It will be—for the winter," she murmured. "Perhaps—I don't suppose that ——"

"You mean that you are not coming back any more," he said, after waiting in vain for her to finish her sentence. "Oh, Rowena, I never thought you would want to leave us!"

He spoke reproachfully. Rowena's heart, which had been so fitful and troublesome of late, throbbed with a momentary ecstasy.

"And I don't," she answered. "But I must. There is something for me to do, and I have begun to do it, and I can't draw back."

"Now, what has that aunt of yours been letting you in for?" he inquired coaxingly, in some concern at her evident agitation.

He had never seen Mrs. Wyoming, but had formed his idea of her from what Rowena had said about her from time to time, though the girl was much dismayed when she found what sort of an impression she had unwittingly given him.

His suspicion came so near the truth that she was startled.

"I—I will tell your mother about it when I write," she answered evasively.

"And when, then, am I to see you again?" he asked, with that new glance which caused the strange throbbing in Rowena's breast.

"When? Oh, I—I—— Does it matter when?" she finished at last, awkwardly, it being something novel in her experience to have anyone thus tenderly express a wish for her presence.

"Well, I think it does," he said very gently. "When you were gone, Rowena, and were no longer coming in and out, and playing lawn tennis, and talking over the theory of music, and fifty other things—you mayn't believe me, but—I felt the difference. You and I must not be parted, unless by your own will."

"It's of no use talking like that," she said bluntly, after a moment's miserable pause, a moment's wild regret that these words, never expected, should now have come too late. "I am not coming back any more, and—and—everything will be different now. I—I have work to do that will separate me from all of you."

She nearly broke down, and Hayter, by way of protest, would have put his arm about her, but she repulsed him almost roughly.

"Don't—you mustn't! It's of no use"—reiterating that phrase with a sadness that she could not disguise.

"Tell me what you mean, and let me judge of that," he returned. "It is folly to talk in enigmas like this. I may just as well know the truth now, as a week or a month hence"—impatiently.

"Perhaps you had better," she admitted slowly. "But I can't bear to tell you. You will think so dreadfully of me."

"That's very likely! You usually do such dreadful things, don't you?"

But, once having made up her mind, she would not stop, and, without further preamble, told him all in a breathless horrified fashion, leaving out nothing, but shielding and defending Pattie in every possible way.

The young man was not a little astonished, as she might have expected; but she shuddered at his expressions of amazement, as though they had been so many accusations.

"And you will sacrifice yourself in that way?" he demanded.

Not an hour since she was telling herself that she was relinquishing nothing, and now—now her act was indeed raised to the nobility of a sacrifice!

"I have begun it," she said stolidly, to hide the passion of grief that shook her—"of course I shall not draw back."

"But the thing is preposterous! He will be sure to find you out!"

"He will not. I shall always be on my guard."

"I wish I had that precious aunt of yours here to give her a bit of my mind! I'd go to the house after her, if my time were not up!"—with a wrathful reference to his watch. "I never heard of such a thing in my life! And are you aware that he could punish you all for it—and will, no doubt, when he finds you out?"

This sort of argument only made Rowena obstinate.

"That will not happen," she said.

"Suppose I tell him? That would be a fair thing to do, I am sure."

"But you will not," she asserted quietly. "You will tell your father and mother, if you please, but no one else. I have chosen to do it, and if I succeed in making him happy I shall not have lived in vain. You who have your eyesight ought to have more consideration for one shut up in the dark as he is."

In vain the young man reasoned and scolded and stormed.

He did not go the right way to work, for one thing, and then all Rowena's conscientious instincts were against her yielding to her own inclinations.

In the midst of their controversy a voice speaking close to them made them both start.

"What—oh—I beg pardon, I am sure!" Errol ejaculated.

Somehow or other, as the two stood thus at the gate, they had not noticed the sound of footsteps along the riverside street, nor merry voices that suddenly ceased as the new-comers paused at the gate, and found the way thus stopped.

Dolph Carbutt was requesting the favor of room for his companions to pass—his sister and Pattie, with tennis-rackets in their hands, their cheeks flushed with exercise. Errol Hayter moved hurriedly out of the way, and the three new-comers glanced curiously at him.

It was a matter for remark to find Rowena talking to a handsome young man at the gate in the gloaming.

"Is that your cousin in the blue dress?" whispered Errol when they had passed.

"Yes—I forgot—you must speak to her, Pattie!" she called; and Pattie turned and approached, with her sweetest smile, looking so lovely with her pink flush on her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes that Rowena was prouder of her than ever.

"This is Mr. Errol Hayter, the son of my dear friend, the Rector of Lyngate," said Rowena. "My cousin Pattie, Errol"—with frank simplicity.

Pattie stayed a few moments, talking very prettily, and begging Errol to come in and see her mother; but he declined, though with evident reluctance, as his time was now up.

"I must say good-bye at once," he said, "or I shall lose my train."

Pattie put out her hand with charming friendliness, and he was quick to take it.

As he turned to Rowena, she told him that she would walk part of the way to the station with him.

She did not want to part from him thus; she wanted to make him see this outrageous matter in a better light before he left her.

"Tell aunt I will not be long, will you, Pattie?" she added; and Pattie promised, and nodded a smiling farewell as she tripped over the lawn after her companions.

Hayter turned his head to look at her as he went out of the gate with Rowena.

"What a lovely girl!" he observed.

"I always told you she was," answered Rowena, as they walked off together.

"Yes; but I never imagined she was anything like that. I never saw a face like hers in my life! No wonder her friends thought it wasted on that poor blind chap!"

"He saw it, and chose it before he was blind," she reminded him.

"And he certainly showed good taste!"

There was a short silence, which Rowena occupied in thinking how she could bring him to a milder view of her conduct, when suddenly he said—

"And who was the fellow with her? Not the blind man's successor, I hope?"

"Her engagement was only ended today," replied Rowena.

"And I should say that fellow is uncommonly glad of it, from the way he was looking at her!"

"He does care for her," she admitted. "His sister told me so. But, of course, plenty of people will fall in love with Pattie, and she would surely choose somebody very different from him."

"It would be a shame if she didn't—if he's as great an idiot as he looks!"

"Well, I think him silly," she replied, wondering at the warm interest Errol showed in the affairs of a stranger. "But they seem to like him well enough. However, liking isn't——"

"Oh, no, no, of course not!" he answered promptly, as though she had finished her sentence. "A girl would have enough to do if she were expected to be spoons on every fellow with whom she played tennis!"

Somehow or other Pattie and her affairs filled the conversation for the remainder of the walk, and the matter over which he had been so excited was alluded to only as touching her.

"I can better understand the mother's being unwilling to consign a girl like that to such a life," he observed; but he did not go again into the question that had so interested him before the encounter at the gate—of why Rowena should be given up to it any more than another.

"He has fallen in love with Pattie at first sight," said Rowena to herself, after he had gone. "He thought he liked me a little, until he saw someone more lovely than I suppose he had believed any human being could be. He doesn't mind now about me. Oh, don't let me repine at my lot! What should I have suffered if I had been free to-night, and had promised to marry him, and then he had seen Pattie, and been like this!"

But, in spite of her brave persistence in looking on the best side, Rowena's pillow was wet with bitter tears that night.

* * * * * *

Rowena was subjected to a good deal of questioning the next morning concerning her visitor of the previous evening, and also received an admonition regarding her walk with him in the twilight; after which she was sent down-stairs to talk to Mr. Leicester, while Mrs. Wyoming helped her daughter to get ready for her departure.

"Does Mr. Leicester know that Pattie is going away?" Rowena inquired.

"He knows that Rowena is going away," her aunt replied. "I told him last night."

Rowena stepped along so carefully that she reached Leicester's side, as he stood at the open hall-door, smoking in the September sunshine, without his being aware of her approach until she gently touched his sleeve. He turned then, and seized her hand.

"What a little witch you are," he said, "to steal upon me unawares like that! But I was thinking."

"Don't think," she replid. "You do too much of that."

"Well, what else is there for me to do? I can't read, or go about by myself."

"Well, I have been thinking, too," she rejoined.

He had drawn her hand within his arm, and she let it remain, though much against her will.

"And I have come to the conclusion," she went on, "that we don't go out regularly enough. Sometimes we go, but only to buy something, and to look in at the shop windows, and sometimes we feel lazy, and stay at home. The boating season is nearly over now, and the people will be going, so that there will be very few about, and we shall have more time to ourselves. I should like to go out every day regularly, if you would accompany me—not in the streets for a stroll, but for a good walk out into the country."

"I shall always be pleased, whenever you wish," he answered.

"If we are going to stay here for the winter," she went on, "we ought to settle down into some sort of routine, and make the best of our time."

"You must have been borrowing some ideas from that practical cousin of yours," he observed, with a smile; and she was dismayed for a moment, but quickly recovered herself.

"Why, what makes you think that Rowena has any ideas of that sort?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know that she has—only I am quite certain that they did not emanate from this pretty head"—raising his hand and stroking her hair—the red hair that the Misses Crosby's school had condemned.

It was fortunate that both her hair and Pattie's had a slight curly tendency. Rowena thought of this while the smooth brown hand passed over her locks and then fell upon her shoulder.

"You think I have nothing in me," she

said, a happy idea striking her: "but I am going to show you that I have something. I am going to do a great many things for you, if you will let me."

"You are mistaken as to my opinion of you. But I am so curious to hear about the 'many things' you are going to do for me that I'll let that pass for the present."

Something in his tone or manner made her look up at him.

He was smiling, and the smile had banished for the moment his usual expression of melancholy. But for those sightless eyes he was a handsome man then, she thought.

"One of them is reading," she replied. "I thought—I wondered if you would like me to read to you. If you would I should be so glad to do it."

"I should like it very much," he said heartily. "The difficulty would be to find a book that both you and I would care about. I couldn't stand your three-volume novels, you know—at least, hardly any of them."

"Oh, but if we read what you liked it would be a good opportunity for me to learn something worth knowing! I know you are very clever, and I should like—I should like to get nearer to your mind."

She spoke with a quaintness that seemed to amuse and surprise Leicester—and, in truth, she grew the more pleasing as she warmed to her subject, and thought less of saying just the things that Pattie would be likely to say.

"My little girl," he said laughingly, yet tenderly too, "who has been putting all this into your head? That cousin of yours, I'll be bound?"

"Don't you want to do it, then?" she asked, in a tone of disappointment.

"I am afraid to think about it, lest it should never come true," he answered. "But who or what suggested the idea?"

"Perhaps it was Rowena. I see you don't mean to let me have the credit of it, so I may as well admit it. But let me read to you once, and if you don't like it I will never ask to do it again."

"Of course I shall like it—only too well," he said, with the music of her soft voice in his ear, which in itself was a charm, quite independent of what meaning it might convey.

"May I look at your books?" she inquired hesitatingly.

"Certainly—and choose to please yourself, not me, if you can find anything among them to suit your taste at all."

"Oh, I shall be sure to do that!"

"Your mother will think you mean to be a little blue-stocking!"

"And perhaps I do! At any rate, she will not mind. And, on the other hand, when she wants me to go shopping with her you will not mind arranging our daily walk to suit her time, will you?"

She said this, suddenly remembering that she must appear to care about pretty things, and shopping, and such small vanities, a good deal more than she actually did, or it would not be at all like Pattie.

"I have never minded—have I?" he returned.

"No, you have been very patient; and sometimes I have not known how to bear to leave you alone; but I have had to do it."

With a quick movement, he put his arm about her.

"And a very good thing, too," he rejoined.

He was pleased to know that he had been thought of thus—that he had not been left behind gladly, as a burden is relinquished—she could see it, by the lighting up of his dark face, and she was pleased that this small piece of consolation was genuine.

It comforted her to remember that, whoever forgot or ignored her for others more attractive, she now had the happiness of having one person depending on her—she now had the power of brightening one dark and dreary life.

"Shall we begin to-day," she said, "after Rowena"—she had some slight difficulty in pronouncing the name—"is gone? She is going very soon."

Mrs. Wyoming had told him that Mrs. Carbutt and her family had been suddenly recalled home, and that as she had asked Rowena to return with them for a long visit, and it was plain to see that Mrs. Carbutt's son was at the bottom of it, she—Mrs. Wyoming—had thrown her influence upon the side of Rowena's accepting the invitation, though it entailed the loss of her situation at Lyngate.

"I'll tell you what we might do," he said. "Let our walk to-day be to the town library and there let us choose a book in which there will be something to suit us both. I have read all mine two or three times, and there is hardly one among them that you would like."

Rowena was glad to find him displaying interest in anything, and they settled that if there was not time before lunch they would go afterwards.

Then the fly came round to the door, and Pattie descended the stairs, looking radiant, and yet half frightened at the prospect of having to say good-bye to the man she was thus jilting.

Her mother was nervous too, perhaps fearing a break-down. But the parting passed off very well, the girl replying very shortly and timidly to Leicester's farewell, and getting away as quickly as possible.

Rowena pitied Leicester keenly for the loss of which he was in such utter ignorance, and she could not refrain from a feeling of deep compassion as she saw how lightly he parted from her whom he loved.

When Pattie had gone they went to the library and got "John Bull and His Island," and spent the rest of the morning sitting under the trees reading it and laughing at it.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was getting too dark and chilly to go on the water in the evening now, but Leicester still sat outside in the verandah and smoked his cigar; and to-night, after dinner, Rowena put a wrap over Pattie's muslin dress, and joined him, determined from this day to begin as she meant to go on, and allow no brooding or moping that she could dispel with cheerful talk, or even, if necessary, make such a show of affection as should comfort the young man's impatient aching heart.

She hated the idea, but she had made up her mind to do it, and she was not the kind of girl to do things in a half-hearted way.

She tried to conquer the thought of Errol Hayter's blue eyes by her infinite compassion for those poor sightless ones of the man to whom she had undertaken to be a guide.

Again and again she told herself that it was a great consolation to know that Errol was inconstant in his fancy for herself—that the sight of Pattie's face had changed his feelings in a moment.

Mrs. Wyoming thought that the girl had been looking ill all day, and supposed that it must be from the strain of keeping up appearances, or of breaking up old associations.

Rowena had not liked the idea of leaving school—Mrs. Wyoming remembered that, because it had so surprised her.

She might have speculations concerning her niece's visitor of the day before, but she could not guess at the bitter pangs by which the girl was being assailed.

"What—you coming out here?" said Leicester, in surprise, as Rowena, in her woolen wrap, took the seat at his side. "Aren't you afraid of catching cold?"

"No, not with this warm shawl on. I should like to stay for a little while—unless you would rather be alone"—somewhat timidly, not remembering to have seen Pattie follow her lover out on to the verandah, and fearing he might think her forward.

But he put his arm about her and drew her close to him as he answered—

"Not I, indeed! I shall get more of you now that that cousin of yours is gone, perhaps!"

"I believe you are glad she is gone," she returned, yielding to the pressure of his arm, though it still seemed very strange and dreadful to receive his caresses.

"Well, I don't mean anything uncomplimentary to her if I say that I am. She was a nice girl enough, and quite interested me, on the rare occasions when she ventured to address me, with her quaint clever ideas. But of course you were more or less taken up with her, and I am selfish enough to like to have you all to myself for a little while sometimes."

"Well, you will now," she replied—"for all the winter."

"I am not so selfish as that," he rejoined "I know you like the Christmas gaiety as well as anybody, Pattie, and I should be sorry to keep you at home even once on my account. You must go and dance without me this year; you will get plenty of partners—no fear of that. Do you remember what a merry Christmas we had last year?"—with a sigh as of one who recalls past pleasures that can never again be enjoyed.

"It was very pleasant," she agreed. "But I have been thinking of a different kind of Christmas this year. We have both altered since then. Perhaps what has happened to you has had its effect upon me too—it ought to have had, if you are anything to me. I don't seem to care so much about balls and parties, and so on—if I liked them then, wasn't it because you were there to dance with me? I should like to lead a quieter life this winter, and—and learn some things that I need to know, so as to be a real companion to you. That is my ambition, if—if you will help me and teach me."

He pressed his lips to hers, and for a while that was all the reply he gave, and she sat encircled by his strong arm, and watched the moon shining upon the river and silvering the trees that bent over it.

"Pattie," he said at last, "do you know you astonish me very much?"

"Do I?" she replied, forcing a little laugh. "Perhaps I astonish myself."

"I thought you were a butterfly—a lovely sweet little creature enough, but still, a butterfly—and now—now you——"

"Think of me now as a human being like yourself, able to feel, to sympathize—to be sorrowful, and to rejoice——"

She stopped, suddenly conscious that she had altogether forgotten her role, and had spoken in the natural language of her heart.

But he did not seem to notice it; he was probably carried away by the feeling of the moment.

However it was, he seemed only absorbed in their conversation.

"And to love?" he added gently, with a note of interrogation in his tone that appealed powerfully to her sympathies.

"And to love," she acquiesced, with a pain at her heart that he little dreamed of; and it was no comfort to her to be taken to his breast in response.

Mrs. Wyoming and her niece called at Mrs. Carbutt's on the Friday, and found Pattie very busy teaching Dolph stringwork.

The weather had now become too showery for tennis, but they had found occupation within doors equally engrossing and amusing, or so it appeared, and Hannah looked on at them as they bent together over the frame.

Pattie showed herself at her very best, and Rowena left her at last with the full conviction that the task from which she had been released would have been too much for one of her temperament.

But when she reached home, and several petty concealments had to be practised, she became disgusted with herself and with all who had urged her on to such a course; and thus, tossed from one side to the other, doubting, hesitating, fretting, Rowena's cheeks began to lose a little of their healthy tint before her cousin was on her way to London.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

BRETON BUTTER.—The Breton peasants make all their butter from sour milk. The milk is emptied into a large earthern jar, and allowed to remain, in the summer, till it is sour. In winter it is continually warmed at a moderate fire till it has turned. The whole contents of these jars are emptied into a churn worked by hand or horse gear. The butter from this, if properly handled, is as sweet as that made from cream in the usual manner.

PERFUMES.—The method in which most perfumes are obtained from flowers is not of the most æsthetic nature. The flower petals are spread over glasses which have previously been covered with a quarter-inch layer of fat. The glasses are then shut tightly into wooden frames, and before long the fat absorbs all the perfume. The next process is to cut up the fragrant fat into small pieces and put these into alcohol. The perfume at once deserts its oily protector and unites with the alcohol. It is then fit for the market.

A MILLION BUSHELS.—A great many people glibly talk about a million bushels of wheat; but very few of them realize what a vast amount that is. A wheat broker says "that if a million bushels were loaded on freight cars, five hundred bushels to a car, it would fill a train over fifteen miles long. If transported by wagons, forty-four bushels per wagon, it would make a line of teams one hundred and forty-two miles long. If made into bread, reckoning a bushel to every sixty pounds of flour, it would give each man, woman and child in the United States a two-pound loaf of bread."

IN CHINA.—Food averages a little more than one dollar a month for each member of a farmer's family. One who buys, cooks, and eats his meals alone, spends from one and a half to two dollars a month upon the raw material and fuel. Two pounds of rice, costing three and a half cents, with relishes of salt fish, pickled cabbage, vegetables and fruit, costing a cent and a half, is the ordinary allowance to each laborer for each day. Abernethy's advice to a luxurious patient, "Live on sixpence a day and earn it," is followed by nearly every Chinaman. One or two dependent relatives frequently share with him the sixpence.

THE NUTMEG.—Although the nutmeg is universally used, few people perhaps know that it is the innermost kernel of the fruit of a small tree that grows about 30 feet high. It is a native of the East Indies, but is cultivated in other tropical lands. The fruit is small and peach-like, but with a smooth surface, and turns yellow when ripe. The exterior, a thick, fleshy husk, dries up and cracks, disclosing the nut. The outer covering of this nut is what we know as mace. It is red at first, but turns to a light brown when dried. Next comes a hard, shining shell, and inside that is the nutmeg. The tree bears about the eighth or ninth year from the seed.

DENTISTRY IN JAPAN.—The Japanese dentist does not frighten his patient with an array of steel instruments. All his operations in tooth drawing are performed by the thumb and forefinger of one hand. The skill necessary to do this is only acquired after long practice, but once it is obtained the operator is able to extract a half-dozen teeth in about thirty seconds without once removing his fingers from the patient's mouth. The dentist's education commences with the pulling out of pegs which have been pressed into soft wood; it ends with the drawing of hard pegs which have been driven into an oak plank with a mallet. No human jaw can resist the delicate but powerful manipulation of the Japanese dentist.

A STRANGE CANAL.—The strangest canal in the world, perhaps, is a canal 16 miles long, between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England, and is underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground. So the canal was constructed, the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canalboats are used, but the powder is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are cross-pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the coal and push with their feet against the cross bars on the roof. Six or eight men will draw a train of four or five boats, and, as there are two divisions in the tunnel, boats pass each other without difficulty.

ENGLISH TRAMPS.—It is calculated that Wordsworth, in his many years of saunters, must have traveled a distance of 180,000 miles.

What sights he saw during such prolonged and delightful wanderings, only those who have the poet's mind and eye can even guess.

Charles Dickens was a confirmed tramp, and no doubt acquired his experience of "life on the road" from actual acquaintance with all sorts of vagabonds and odd characters, such as frequent towns and country lanes and highways.

One of the most remarkable of unprofessional walkers was Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of literature. His fine physique and great endurance prompted him to the performance of wonderful feats, which seemed to him entirely a matter of course.

He once walked forty miles in eight hours, and at another time walked from Liverpool to Ellesay in twenty-four hours, a distance of eighty miles.

It is good to think of the long, unwearied strides with which he swung along, his blood bounding with healthy pulses, and sending invigorating waves to the active brain.

Henry Fawcett, the ex-head of the English postal department, also, was a tireless walker and one who when deprived of sight did not for a moment think of relinquishing this among many forms of exercise.

His was a familiar figure on the roads about Cambridge, and there is no exaggeration in saying that few men blessed with all their senses could enjoy nature more thoroughly than he.

Southey, worn and preyed upon by mental application and the practical anxieties of every-day life, found his greatest relief in tramping about the country, listening for what nature had to tell him and learning contentment from her stability.

BY THE MILL.

Out in the fir wood, down by the mill,
We sat on a day when the wheel was still.

The wheel was still, but the little brook sang,
And it frolicked and danced till the wild wood rang.

I looked at my love, and his eyes shone blue;
And I loved my love, for, oh! he was true!

Out in the fir wood, down by the sea,
I sat one day when my love left me.

He left me for ever, and the sea shone blue,
Alas, for the false heart! alas, for the true!

ROY'S CHOICE.

BY M. G. WIGHTWICK.

CHAPTER I.

MY DEAR GEOFFREY! You must get Roy out of it in some way. The idea is preposterous! My son, Fitzroy Pierrepoint, the heir of Branxholme, marry an obscure librarian's daughter! It's altogether out of the question, Geoff, and I shall rely on you to prevent it if possible."

"But, my dear aunt——"

"Now, Geoffrey, you can't desert me," and Lady Lucy Pierrepoint held out her pretty hands imploringly. "Have you not always been my refuge in all Roy's scrapes? And this is the worst and most desperate of all. If only he had never spent that month at Uskebank!"

"It's very unlucky. Roy is just the sort of susceptible fellow to fall in love with every common-place woman he meets. And he always did turn his geese into swans."

"No doubt the girl is an artful, designing wretch, and did her best to entrap my poor boy."

"Have you any plan to propose?" and Major Pierrepoint pulled his moustachios thoughtfully.

Lady Lucy shook her shapely head in doleful despair.

"I hardly know. Roy seemed terribly obstinate when I spoke to him the other day; but," brightening, "perhaps you could do something with him, Geoff? He has always looked up to you. Do try, this very evening, and bor, threaten, coax or bribe him out of it. I should think no sacrifice too great."

"Would you even consent to that Australian trip he has been bent upon so long? Six months' absence would cure him."

"Do you think so? Then persuade him to give her up by all means and go, dear Geoff. I shall bless you for ever if you only succeed."

But Major Geoffrey Pierrepoint had several tete-a-tete with his wilful young cousin before he could lay any claim to his aunt's promised blessing, and when, at the end of a week, he again turned up in her boudoir, it was with rather a rueful countenance.

"I've won Roy's consent, but only on condition that I interview the girl myself and get her to release him. It's a horrid business!"

"But, Geoff, that is all we want. How clever of you! And if the girl is 'difficult,' you know, I shall think a thousand or two well spent in buying her off. Offer what you like."

Thus liberally commissioned, and provided with Miss Bevan's address, Major Pierrepoint took his unwilling way, next morning, towards the gloomy regions of Bloomsbury, wondering within himself what sort of syren such a triste neighborhood could have furnished to beguile his butterfly cousin.

Indeed, the librarian's daughter might never have crossed Roy Pierrepoint's path at all, but for a fishing expedition he had made the previous autumn to an out-of-the-way Monmouthshire farmhouse where the Bevans also had their holiday-quarters.

"Geoff, old boy, if it must be done, do it tenderly," had been his cousin's parting words.

Geoffrey felt anything but tenderly disposed towards this inconvenient disturber of the family peace as he sought among the dingy houses in Great Russell Street for the particular one that had been described to him as that inhabited by the librarian and his daughter.

All this time, in a dark front parlor, not many paces distant, a girl, singing blithely over her work the while, seemed trying to convert the dull sitting-room into a background more worthy of her.

And yet not that either, for the unconsciousness with which Una Bevan wore her crown of beauty was its greatest charm.

Upon the table near lay a heap of bright laburnum blossoms, which she was arranging deftly in quaint-shaped flower-glasses, and disposing about the faded room, which sadly needed a little cheerful coloring.

"He will see, at least, I've made the best of the old place," she said to herself, as she paused a minute to admire her handiwork. Then, with a hasty glance at the clock—"Twelve o'clock! He will be here directly!"

She gave a comical look of dismay at the heap of flowers still on the table; and, in truth, at that very moment a sharp ring at the front-door bell brought a sudden blush to her cheek.

Una tried to recover her composure as she lifted a pair of tall specimen-glasses, from which a golden rain of blossoms trailed prettily, to their place on the Queen Anne mantel-shelf of carved wood high above her head.

The blush had almost faded as she turned to greet the visitor announced by the little maid-of-all-work.

And then a sudden shade of disappointment fell upon the bright young face.

Major Geoffrey Pierrepoint was a personable-looking man, but—when one was expecting Roy!

The intruder, however, whose brown eyes were taking in every detail of the room and its occupant, advanced with a bow (Geoff's bow was always superb!), and going straight to the point, as was his wont, began boldly:

"Forgive this intrusion, Miss Bevan: you expected my cousin. I am here to explain the reason of his non-appearance."

His listener's face involuntarily clouded as she exclaimed:

"He is not ill? He has met with no accident?"

"Don't be alarmed. He is perfectly well; and yet"—with a pause kindly meant as preparation for his tidings—"I am the unwilling bearer of ill news."

"Yes?"

Her paling cheek betrayed her uneasiness; but she said calmly:

"I am forgetting hospitality. Pray sit down."

Perhaps she herself was not sorry to sink down upon the faded chintz couch behind her.

Major Pierrepoint carefully avoided looking at his companion as he took a chair opposite, near enough to note how nervously, in spite of her outward calm, she twirled the ring upon the fourth finger of her left hand.

He began to fear—this kind-hearted Geoffrey, who was not so cynical as he looked, not so inconstant as he would fain be supposed—that his task might prove even more disagreeable than he had in the least expected.

The victim whose happiness he had come to blight was so young, so innocent, so light-hearted; a very different being from the "artful wretch" Lady Lucy's imagination had painted.

She was also so—so—not pretty; why! pretty would have been the very tamest of adjectives as applied to Una Bevan!

While trying to find another more suitable, Geoff mentally catalogued her charms:

"Item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them——"

But he stopped. No inventory could tell how sincere, how earnest, how trustworthy were those self-same eyes, now grey, now hazel; nor describe the strong, sweet curves of the well-shaped mouth which even in silence spoke its owner's character.

Una Bevan was lovely—nothing less; Geoff could not help admitting it. He half repented of his ungracious mission, and decided that his first care should be to ease his own shoulders as much as might be of the burden laid upon them.

"I ought to explain," he began, with unusual diffidence, "that I am here to-day merely as the ambassador of my aunt, Lady Lucy Pierrepoint, who is deeply distressed to hear of the unwise—a—arrangement existing between you and her son."

"Do you refer to my engagement"—emphatically—"to Mr. Fitzroy Pierrepoint?"

The well-cut features stiffened into frigid loftiness, and Miss Bevan drew herself up ever so slightly.

"I do. My cousin can scarcely have explained his position truly, or you must see the folly of supposing such an—engagement could ever be carried out. The estate of Branxholme is unentailed and entirely at Lady Lucy's disposal; should Roy marry without his mother's consent, he will forfeit his inheritance."

"Well, and what then? My engagement is not to the heir of Branxholme, but to Mr. Fitzroy Pierrepoint."

"Granted; but il faut vivre! Remember that my cousin has no profession, and is dependent upon his mother's favor for even the bread he eats. My aunt, Lady Lucy, is a proud woman. If you had any experience of the world and the world's ways you could not fail to understand how much this marriage which her only son proposes goes against the grain with her. Excuse my plain speaking."

"I do excuse it. In this matter you are but the mouthpiece of Lady Lucy, who condescends to explain herself through you."

The quiet scorn in her eyes would have annihilated anyone less tough than Geoffrey Pierrepoint.

But he only smiled cheerfully as he said, with good humor:

"I hope I may tell her, then, that my errand is accomplished, and that Miss Bevan's own good sense prompts her to release my cousin without delay from his foolish promise?"

"You may do no such thing. What is Lady Lucy to me, that I should consider prejudices of Mr. Pierrepoint is of an age to know his own mind. Poverty, to me at least, is no novelty; and if we choose to endure it together, who dares to interfere?"

There was a proud flash in her grey eyes and her swift look at Geoff was a challenge that for a moment he could not find words to reply.

In the pause the door opened, and a grey-haired man, bent rather with infirmity than age, slowly tottered into the room with the help of a stick.

The likeness his handsome features bore to those of his daughter proclaimed the relationship between them. Her manner softened instantly.

She sprang to meet the new comer, put his hand upon her strong young arm, and with infinite tenderness supported him to the well-worn leather chair in the chimney corner, where she hastened to make him comfortable with footstool and cushions.

All this time she totally ignored the visitor, who having risen and closed the door again, was waiting in some embarrassment till she should make him known to the master of the house.

When the brief introduction took place at last, Geoffrey was unprepared for the old librarian's courteous greeting and apology for an invalid's infirmities.

He spoke with an air of culture and good breeding which made one forget his shabby coat and poverty-stricken surroundings, and Geoff felt ashamed when he thought of the blank cheque in his pocket and his aunt's offered bribe.

"We know one Mr. Pierrepoint already, sir," Mr. Bevan said, with a host's gracious dignity. "Anyone of that name is welcome for his sake. Isn't it so, Una?" turning to his daughter, who still hovered about his chair.

An involuntary faint color tinged her face which had been so pale before, and once more Geoffrey Pierrepoint marvelled at its rare beauty.

To her father her slight embarrassment seemed only natural. His eyes rested upon her proudly, with a smile that was like a benediction, and then turned inquiringly upon the visitor, as though claiming the admiration Geoffrey was not in the least loth to give.

But he presently remembered his unpleasant errand, and pulled himself together sternly.

"I am an invalid just now, sir, as you see; and must leave my daughter to entertain you," Mr. Bevan went on. "I know you are in good hands."

Major Pierrepoint bowed, and murmured something inarticulate, wondering how his business was ever to be concluded; for something in Una Bevan's face as she stood with her hand on her father's shoulder seemed to warn him not to mention it in the old man's presence. The master of the house himself relieved him from his difficulty.

"Una, Major Pierrepoint has just made his acquaintance with one of my treasures; I should like him to see the other. Take him into my library, and show him the collection of rare editions, which has cost us many a sacrifice of small luxuries. You may find something to interest you, sir, even if you are not, like myself, a bibliomaniac!"

Major Pierrepoint, nothing loth, seized the opportunity, and with eager thanks followed Miss Bevan into a sunny little parlor litterly heaped with books, tier upon tier, from floor to ceiling; piles of others, mostly in antique bindings, lay about also on every available resting-place.

But the visitor was allowed no time for inspection.

The sunbeams dancing in played upon the time-worn volumes, some in their pathway lighting on the slender form of Una Bevan as she stood facing Geoff—tall, erect, defiant.

"Well!" she cried. "Have you anything more to say?"

"Only this," he answered gently: it was his last and weightiest argument. "No one who really cared for Roy Pierrepoint could wish to spoil his life so utterly as this foolish marriage must do. With all his good qualities, he has neither the stability nor the wealth to make his own way in the world, hampered with a wife whose social position is inferior to his own. His friends, his family, would turn against him; his mother ——"

She put up her hand and stopped him suddenly.

"I should be extremly sorry to incur the displeasure of such a great lady as Lady Lucy Pierrepoint, but I cannot give up my affianced husband at her bidding. Only Mr. Pierrepoint's own wish can put a end to our engagement. He is capable of managing his own affairs without the interference of a third party," with a haughty glance at Geoff. "Let him choose between his mother and me."

The frozen calm had melted now. Just as an opal now and again reveals in transient gleams the hidden heart of fire beneath its tranquil surface, so for once Una Bevan's overwrought feelings escaped her control.

"He has chosen," Major Pierrepoint said gently.

A curious half-ashamed feeling for this faineant head of his house, whose excuses he was making neither for the first nor the second time.

"Great as the trial is, my cousin yields to his mother's better judgment," he went on. "He would—would be willing to accept his dismissal."

"Then let him tell me so himself!" she cried defiantly. "Who are you, to come between him and me? A word from himself would suffice, but not volumes of argument from either you or his mother. I think," rising with a very proud glance, "I think there is no need of prolonging this discussion."

"Wait one moment, Miss Bevan. Perhaps this will convince you that I am speaking the truth."

He took a letter-case from his pocket, and found among the contents an envelope, bearing his own eagle-crest, addressed to Miss Bevan.

Geoffrey felt very full of pity for the girl as she took the note and read its brief contents.

Then she raised her head, and looked steadily at Major Pierrepoint as he stood opposite only in haste to have it over and be gone.

"You know the contents of this letter I suppose?"

"Yes."

Having dictated it himself, there was no room for denial.

"I am satisfied," proudly, coldly. "You may tell Lady Lucy her son is free; and for himself——"

She paused. Geoff was reassured by her calmness.

"Have you any message? My cousin talks of leaving England."

A bitter smile curled her well cut lips.

"The precaution is unnecessary. But, as you are such a willing go-between, there is this ring——"

She took a scrap of paper from a Davenport near, drew from her finger the ruby-studded ring which was its only ornament, and, with hands that never trembled, made of it a little packet which she gave to Major Pierrepoint.

"That," she said sharply, "will speak for itself."

He bowed in silence, and turned away. There was no more to be said.

A moment later, he had closed the door upon the calm, emotionless, beautiful face he should, in all likelihood, never see again, congratulating himself that it could be so calm still.

After all, the blow was a blow of ambition, to pride; for, possibly, even a librarian's daughter might have her pride as well as a peer's; but the fresh young heart at least was undaunted.

This was Geoffrey's crumb of comfort. He had been worldly-wise, but not at all cruel.

The small maid-of-all-work was not forthcoming to show the visitor out. He had to grope for his umbrella in the dim hall, and his unaccustomed fingers fumbled a minute or two with the intricacies of the latch.

When the door was at last open, he suddenly remembered that he had left his letter case behind.

He shut it again with a bang that shook the house, and, going back to the library, pushed open the unfastened door with an apology on his lips which was arrested in the utterance.

In the shabby leather chair, near the table, sat Una Bevan, her arms resting upon it, her head bowed down between them in an agony of grief.

Her whole frame was quivering with convulsive, noiseless sobs, as Geoffrey Pierrepoint stood irresolute, while his accusing conscience said, with stern upbraidings: Behold your work!

His pocket-book lay on the table, within reach of his hand; but he had forgotten his errand—forgotten everything but the unhappy victim of Pierrepoint pride cowering before him in the intolerable misery of this rude awakening from her brief dream of happiness.

Perhaps there was some magnetic fascination in his intent, compassionate gaze, for presently the pretty head with its be-ruffled curls, was lifted suddenly, and a pair of grey eyes, scorched by hot tears, confronted Geoff fiercely.

"You, again! What! Have I still more to bear from you? Or are you come back to feast your eyes upon my horrible misery?"

To the full as wretched as herself, Geoff stammered his excuses, snatched up the unlucky pocket-book, and somehow got to the door.

There a sudden impulse seized him. He stepped back to the table, and, leaning across it, said:

"Miss Bevan, try to forgive me the pain I have caused you, and don't think more hardly of me than you can help. Mine has been an ungracious errand. If I had known in the beginning all that I know now, I think—perhaps—I should never undertaken it."

It was a great, almost treasonous admission, but Geoff felt more comfortable after making it.

"I wonder shall we ever meet again?" he said to himself, as he walked away. "Well, one thing, she must hate me now, heart and soul. She might forgive my errand, but never my having witnessed her humiliation. Heigho! If I had been in Roy's place I'd have stuck to such a prize through thick and thin, and snapped my fingers at all worldly-wise advisers."

CHAPTER II.

IT is early spring-time in the year of Grace, 1887.

In a handsomely furnished sitting-room on the first floor of the Hotel Millefleurs, in one of the favorite health-resorts of the Riviera, two people are sitting in earnest conversation.

The one, a lady, reminds us faintly—for she is greatly changed—of the Lady Lucy Pierrepoint of ten years since.

From the bronzed face of her companion look the pleasant brown eyes of her nephew, Geoffrey Pierrepoint. He has changed, too, has grown older and graver, and his thin face shows traces of recent illness.

Ten years have brought him promotion and several grey hairs.

Colonel Pierrepoint is on his way back from India, where he has been serving with his regiment these many years past, and now, preferring to loiter in warm latitudes till winter is a thing of the past, he has come to join his aunt on the Riviera.

Their talk has been of melancholy subjects in the old familar strain, for even in their first meeting after a long separation, Lady Lucy has fallen naturally into her old habits of confidence.

Geoffrey was so reliable, a tower of strength to the poor woman who had in her

character an ivy-like tendency to clutch at the nearest support.

"I have always trusted you as a son, Geoff; in a way you have been more comfort to me than my own poor boy. And now that Fitzroy is gone you must take his place; you are my nearest kinsman and heir."

Then looking up at him plaintively she continued:

"You won't grudge a little of your time to Branxholme and to me? It will all be your own some day."

Geoffrey was a man of few words. He got up, and bending over his aunt, kissed her faded cheek; a silent recognition of his new responsibilities towards her.

And then for a few moments poor Lady Lucy Pierrepoint broke down and sobbed audibly.

Her loss was but a few weeks old, and the sight of Geoffrey had recalled it to the childless mother in all its first freshness. But it was a relief to talk of her son to so patient a listener, and Lady Lucy soon dried her tears.

"Poor Roy! He had been ill for months, but it was almost sudden at the last; and, as I wrote you, I did not reach Brodigbera in time to find him alive."

"But his wife was with him?"

"Poor thing! Such a helpless creature! I've settled a handsome annuity upon her and packed her back to her friends in Australia. Not my style at all! No air! No manner! (between ourselves, not even a lady!) I don't know how the poor creature would have managed all alone but for Mrs. Beaudesert."

"Mrs. Beaudesert?" questioned Geoff. The name was new to him among his aunt's acquaintance.

"Yes; Mrs. Beaudesert. All through Roy's illness she was kindness itself, both to him and his wife. I believe she had met poor Fitzroy somewhere or other long ago; and when she found them at Brodigbera apparently friendless, and, and"—with a sigh—"hard up for it seems he had gambled away his last napoleon at the Monte Carlo tables, the good creature took pity on them, moved them into comfortable rooms and sent all sorts of luxuries for Roy's use. Poor fellow! he did not want them long."

"And where is Mr. Beaudesert?"

"Dead, these three years. He was a younger son of Lord Villebois, a judge in India, and tremendously clever they say. Wrote legal works—'Beaudesert on Marriage Settlements,' or something of that sort. I daresay you've heard of it, though I never did."

Geoffrey shook his head.

"Not in my line, aunt."

"No, dear Geoff. I wish it were. You must really begin to think seriously of settling now. You have done your duty to your country, now consider your duty to Branxholme. As head of the family, I must provide you with a wife as soon as possible. I know two or three people who would suit."

"Do you? I don't," said Colonel Pierrepoint, with a smile. "The only person who ever kept her place in my heart a day was —— Well, you wouldn't approve of her for a niece."

"Indeed! I'm so anxious to see you married, Geoff, that I would overlook a great deal. Who is she?"

"Mrs. Beaudesert," announced one of the garcons.

The door was thrown open before Colonel Pierrepoint had time to answer, if, indeed, he had intended answering at all.

If Geoffrey Pierrepoint had made any mental picture of himself of poor Roy's good Samaritan it was quickly blotted out by the original, as ideals often are.

There entered a stately figure in trailing sable robes whose very severe simplicity had a grace of their own.

Two hands enfolded Lady Lucy's, and then as Geoff drew himself up tall and straight, two clear grey eyes met his. In what vague dream had that beautiful face frowned or smiled upon Geoff before?

He began to believe then and there in the theory of pre-existence: an eerie feeling of familiar strangeness deprived him for the moment of his presence of mind.

"Your visits are always apropos, my dear," Lady Lucy was saying, "but to-day especially so. This is my nephew, Geoffrey, of whom you have heard me speak. Colonel Pierrepoint; Mrs. Beaudesert. I mean you two to become great friends in the future."

Perhaps it was this rather ill-judged speech, perhaps it was the Colonel's awkward consciousness of looking ill at ease, and therefore, at a disadvantage, perhaps Lady Lucy's mention of Geoff had been over-abundant.

Whatever the reason, Lady Lucy's favorite and Lady Lucy's nephew did not take to each other comfortably.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BIG TOED PEOPLE.—The strangest of all the Indo-Chinese races, the ancient Gigo-Chi or Big Toed Race, is called in our geographies the Anamese. This extraordinary people are about the ugliest and worst-built of all our semi-civilized Asiatic cousins.

They are much shorter than the Malays, darker-skinned, with lower foreheads, less-developed skull, a flatter nose, larger mouth, thicker lips, blackened teeth, gums often destroyed by the use of betel-nut, very prominent cheek and jaw bones, so that the face is lozenge shaped, short neck, shoulders sloping abruptly, and a see-sawing sort of a gait when walking. But the most curious development of all is the big toe.

It is very large, broad, and flat; moreover, the distance between that member of the foot and the other toes is so great that the Chinese so long ago as 2357 B. C. gave them the name of Gigo-Chi, or the Big-Toed Race.

This curious physical formation is such that it quite marks them from all other Asiatic peoples who walk barefooted; and, strange to say, though more than forty centuries having passed since this peculiarity was first noticed by Chinese travelers, and in spite of frequent intermarriages with other races, the Anamese have transmitted, without the least perceptible modification, this formation of the foot to their descendants of to-day—which fact, according to some ethnologist, serves to prove that the Anamese are not descended from the mingling of indigenous races, but rather that they have existed for an immense period of time as a distinct and peculiar race.

However this may be, in a funny old Siamese legend the origin of the Anamese race is attributed to the prayer of a pious Buddhist missionary, the sole survivor of a shipwreck crew, who, finding himself cast on the beautiful coast of Anam, with no living creature in sight save multitudinous flocks of wild geese, prayed the Addhi Kerma, or First Cause, to change these wild geese into human beings, so that he might instruct them in the doctrines of the Buddha. Then and there the flocks swooped down at the feet of the suppliant, and were, in the twinkling of an eye, transformed into crowds of men, women, and children, without a vestige of their former condition as web-footed creatures save the broad, flat, distended big toe.

A FUNERAL IN CHINA.

It was at Tiensin on a winter's day.

Far off from the city I heard the sound of strange, slow, and melancholy music. A funeral procession was approaching, and as it drew nearer I was able to note all its details.

At the head of it were two men, who wore felt hats, from which hung old red feathers, and who were dressed in black tunics.

As they advanced they strewed the road with pieces of gold and silver paper to pacify the bad spirits wandering on the way.

Next came the musicians, followed by the grave makers, who held embroidered banners and purple satin umbrellas.

These in their turn were followed by servants, who carried on a litter a little paper house, some feminine garments, also of paper, which seemed like the clothes of a doll, some small models of wagons drawn by pasteboard mules, a little sedan chair, and various implements of domestic use, all small and painted like the toys of children.

The relatives came next dressed in very deep mourning—that is to say, in long white surplices, and with their heads covered with black hats, from which the usual drapery had been removed.

They wept with loud cries in conformity with the rites of their religion, and a few of them pretend to be hardly able to support themselves, an observance prescribed in the traditional funeral ceremonies.

Then came the coffin, carried by eight servants. It was of an enormous size, but without any ornaments.

A faded blue and gold tunic was thrown over it, for this was a simple burial, and the body they were carrying to its last resting place was that of a person of the middle class.

Around the catafaique walked priests with shaved heads, dressed in grey and yellow, chanting in a language they did not understand themselves the pious invocations of the divine Buddha.

A file of carriages, draped with white linen, closed the procession.

In the front part of each carriage the women of the family, and also several who were hired for the occasion, huddled in groups, uttered screams and lamentations which contracted their painted faces into hideous grimaces.

Now and then they suddenly stopped their cries, assumed a perfectly indifferent manner, breathed on their frozen fingers, talked in a loud voice from one carriage to another, calling attention to the sparrows that were circling in the air and uttering sharp cries as if they had lost their way in the immensity of the sky.

Then as suddenly as they had stopped, they recommenced their screams and horrible noises. Even among the relatives of the dead there was not one sincere expression of sorrow, not one real tear.

It was a grief altogether factitious, of which every intonation, every gesture, was studied and in conformity to given rules. The death of her whom they were lamenting must have taken place at least two or three weeks before, and the sorrow of her friends had had time to become calm.

In order to provide for the long journey that she has to make, the dead had to be interred with the greatest care.

The ritual demanded also that she should be carefully arranged in her coffin.

First they attired her in her silken dresses, which had woven in the cloth bouquets of flowers, rosettes, and fantastic dragons. Then they tightened the bands of linen which bound her feet.

A hairdresser fixed the complicated edifice of her hair with pins of gold, butterflies of filigree silver, and artificial flowers. They spread white lead on her thin cheeks, and placed black patches on her temples and on the end of her chin.

They painted her shrunken lips red, and enclosed her fingers in a long gold box. Thus prepared and dressed, they wrapped her in two winding sheets—one white, the other red—and laid her in her coffin on a bed of limestone.

The family and friends placed in the coffin amulets and leaves of acorns to keep the evil spirits away.

Arrived at a spot where the tombs were not so densely crowded, the funeral stopped. The catafaique was placed on the ground, and all drew around in a circle. Now commenced the last ceremonies of the funeral.

There had been no grave dug, but following the custom practised in the north of China, the coffin was simply laid on the ground covered with a thin layer of earth.

At first the parents and the women came one after the other and knelt beside the coffin, paying to the soul of the dead some strange salutations, while the Buddhist priests continued chanting their psalms.

Then the sticks of strange incense were lighted, of which the warm perfume spread in bluish clouds in the chilly atmosphere.

Suddenly the flames burst forth: they had set fire to all the miniature objects they had brought on the litter.

These small dwellings, dresses, carriages, and all the equipments of a doll, were to supply her material needs in the other world where she was to dwell henceforth. In this dark world she needed the light of the tapers they had just lit to direct her first steps in that supernatural and invisible world where go all the animated creatures of our real and tangible world, when the elements that compose them are destroyed.

She was going to commence a new life, or rather to continue her former one. There would subsist of her a sort of phantom, reuniting the lineaments of her physical physiognomy and the traits of her moral personality; a shadow animated by the undecided life of a dream; an effaced image of that which she had once been.

Thus in the future she would recommence the course of her terrestrial existence; she would feel all the emotions, the passions of her earthly life; and everything which had charmed her when on earth and had filled her mind would be a part of the existence she was to lead.

During the first few years she would not be abandoned by the living; she would remain in relationship to them.

They would make her offerings, visit her at fixed dates, and through the medium of parents and friends she would continue to participate in this life from on high.

Each year on the twenty-third day after the second moon, which is "all souls' day," they would come and pull the weeds that grew around her tomb, throw a few shovelfuls of clay on her coffin, and recite some prayers.

She seemed to them like a dream, which had taken body like a visible breath; they felt her secret presence, and those who had loved her would fancy that they felt the beating of her heart.

She would hold with them long speechless communications, exchange imperceptible smiles that strengthened the relationship of the heart.

Then in the house of her parents there would be offered her a funeral repast composed of fish, rice cakes, boiled meat, fruits, tea, and brandy. They would light wax candles, put spring flowers in the large bronze vases on the domestic altar, burn perfumes of Thibet, gold and silver paper. She would come then, and take her place at the festival; she would rejoice at the sight of the viands; would nourish herself with the perfumes of the dishes, with the flavor of the tea, and fruits, and the alcoholised vapor of the wines.

She would gather the smoke from the gold and silver paper and silently retire, while her guests consumed the substantial part of the meal.

After, however, years have glided away, after generations have disappeared, the honors she will receive will be less frequent, less personal, and her earthly existence will be like an effaced recollection, her life beyond the grave will be more vague and confused.

The ceremony was ended: the priests chanted their last prayers, and once more made their great salutations before the coffin which the workmen had finished covering with a thin layer of clay. Then the assistants dispersed, and the drama of the grave was at an end.

GOOD FOR EVIL.—Cato said that wise men have more to learn of fools than fools of wise men. Probably he meant that, being wise, they would learn more.

Everywhere the wise man is the apt learner; and the lesson of avoidance is one which wisdom will ever glean from the exhibition of folly. While the examples of good and great men are powerful in winning us to love and to imitate their excellencies, those of an opposite description may exercise a warning and restraining effect.

The cruelty which excites horror and indignation may lead us to cultivate kindness and compassion. The selfishness which appears in such repellent features may cause us to dread and shun it. The fretful and peevish temper, so disagreeable to witness, may stimulate us to be cheerful and patient.

The sight of dishonesty, with its lamentable results, may be the turning-point in the career of one just beginning to swerve from strict rectitude. Certain it is that we may, if we will, in some of these ways, reap harvests of good from the evil that is all around us.

BOBBY, interrupting his irritable grandfather, who is reading: "Grandpa?" Grandfather, irascibly: "Yes, yes; what is it?" Bobby: "Do you think I'll be as cross as you when I grow up?"

Scientific and Useful.

PUTTY.—Excellent putty is made of eighty parts of Spanish whiting and twenty parts boiled oil; make it into a thin paste. If not for immediate use, raw oil should be used in place of boiled.

OIL CARTRIDGE.—There has been invented an oil cartridge for use at sea in making rough water smooth. The cartridge is fired from any form of firearm, and is so constructed that, on touching the water, the oil will escape and spread the surface.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING.—A process has been invented by means of which photographs can be printed almost as fast as a newspaper, and without dependence on sun or light. They are said to be of the first quality. That, of course, would make photographs much cheaper.

TO CLEAN WHITE MARBLE.—Mix well together 1oz. of potash, 2oz. of whitening, and a square of yellow soap cut in small pieces; let it boil for about ten minutes, and apply with a large brush to the marble; let it remain for about twenty-four hours, and wash it off carefully. A paste made by mixing equal quantities of ox gall and soapsuds with half the quantity of turpentine, and thickened with pipeclay, is also very good.

THE TELEPHONE.—It has lately been suggested in France that the patients in hospitals who are suffering from infectious disorders might be placed in verbal communication with their friends at stated times by means of the telephone. The idea seems to be an excellent one, and would confer a privilege that would be much appreciated by both friends and patients. The expense would be trifling compared with the amount of happiness which a realization of the scheme would bring about.

TATTOO MARKS.—A writer in a French scientific journal gives the following recipe for eradicating tattoo marks with success. The skin is first of all covered with a strong solution of tannin above the marked places, re-tattooed with a needle, and then rubbed with a stick of lunar caustic (silver nitrate). Afterwards, the skin is treated with powdered tannin several times for some days, with the result that a dark crust is formed, which subsequently comes off, leaving only a redness behind. This, after a time, almost disappears.

Farm and Garden.

EGGS.—The freshest eggs are the heaviest, and when placed in water will sink to the bottom at once; older eggs will sink partially to the bottom, while stale eggs float on top.

THE POULTRY.—Don't forget to keep your poultry-house well whitewashed. It can be done once a month and benefits your stock. If you respect the health of your flocks their houses must be kept clean.

SINK-HOLES.—A small amount of crude carbolic acid (about a tablespoonful in a gallon of soapsuds) poured in the sink hole will destroy foul odor and also prevent the propagation of flies, as the acid destroys maggots. The soapsuds assist in preserving the ammonia of the sink.

TO TOWN.—The farmer who strays off habitually to town or elsewhere for pastime loses interest in his work, forgets what is to be done and goes down to the dogs by sure degrees, leading a pinched and miserable life on land that might have supplied him and his with more than competence.

KICKING COWS.—To keep cows from kicking when being milked let a strap be buckled around the cow just forward of the hip bones and allowed to come nearly to the floor. In this let the milker put his foot as it hangs, drawing it tight over the kicker's back, and she will usually keep her feet on the floor.

GRAIN STACKS.—In building grain-stacks it will be economical to place some rails, old boards, hay or straw on the ground before commencing the stack. In case we have a wet fall or your thrashing is delayed, there will not be muddy or rotten buts to go through the machine or musty grain to go into the bin.

THE POPPY.—A new use has been discovered for the poppy. It forms a network of roots that cannot be exterminated without great difficulty, and it is therefore admirable for keeping embankments in place. Within the last two or three years eminent French engineers have undertaken the sowing of railroad embankments with poppies, with a view to prevent their being destroyed by heavy rains.

SAVING THE MANURE.—Manure should be composed of fine materials, not only to hasten decomposition but to facilitate the handling of it. A certain degree of heat is necessary, as heat is simply the result of chemical action, but as soon as the materials in the centre and near the bottom of the heap are decomposed the heap should be handled by turning the materials over. When this is done all the coarse materials or those recently added should be thrown to the centre and well saturated with liquid manure, the whole covered to protect against the sun and rains. Should the heat become too high make holes in the heap with a crowbar and pour in cold water until you can get an opportunity to turn it again.

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Of Moral Law.

Moral science is the science of moral law. Whenever men observe that two events are so connected together, that, as often as one precedes, the other always follows it, they apply to such a connection the name of law.

They also call the first event the cause, and the second the effect. For instance:

It has been observed that when water is cooled down to a certain point it becomes solid, or is changed into ice; and hence chemists have laid it down as a law that water freezes at this particular point.

Again, they have observed that if its temperature be raised to a certain point it turns into vapor, or boils; hence they have laid it down as another law that, at this particular point, water boils; that is, they mean to inform us of the universal fact that whenever, under given circumstances, the one event occurs, the other event also invariably occurs. And they say that cold is the cause of the freezing of water, and heat the cause of its boiling.

But it is evident that two events could not be thus invariably connected unless there were some power exerted to connect them, and some being who, at all times and in all places, exerted this power.

Hence the fact that the laws of nature exist, teaches us the existence of the Supreme Being, the creator and preserver of all things. And hence every change which we see is a proof of His existence.

And it is also evident that the Creator has connected events together in this manner in order to direct our conduct. Thus, having connected a certain degree of heat with the boiling of water, he intends to teach us that if we wish to make water boil we must raise it to that degree of heat.

And thus, in general, since he adheres unchangeably to the laws which he has established, we can never either accomplish any purpose or produce any effect by attempting to do it in any other way than in that which He has appointed.

Let us now apply this to morals. Every one knows that he perceives certain actions to be either right or wrong. Every one feels that it is wrong to lie, to steal, to murder, to be cruel.

Every one feels that it is right to tell the truth, to be honest, affectionate, kind and grateful.

And, if even a young person will think for a moment, he will perceive that there are certain results which always follow these two sorts of actions.

If any one do wrong, as for instance, if he lie, or steal, or abuse another person, he feels a peculiar sort of unhappiness, which is called the feeling of guilt. He is afraid of being detected, he wishes he had not done it, and if he be detected he knows that every one dislikes and despises him for his conduct.

And, on the contrary, if he have done right,—if he have told the truth, have been grateful, or have returned good for evil,—he feels a peculiar sort of pleasure, he is satisfied with himself, and knows that all men will look upon him with respect.

Now, as these events and a multitude of others are thus found connected together, we designate such a connection by the term law. And, as the foundation of this connection is what is called the moral nature of an action, we call the law a moral law.

As we find these events, namely, pleasure following right actions, and pain following bad actions, to be invariable, we know that they must have been connected together by Supreme law. And as they are manifestly connected for the purpose of teaching us, we may hence learn how we should act.

Thus, if God have always connected pleasure with honesty and pain with dishonesty, it is as plainly his will that we should be honest, as though he had said so by a voice from heaven.

If every murderer in a country be punished with death, is is just as clearly a direction for our conduct without any written prohibition of murder as with it.

By thus observing the consequences of actions we may learn what, in many respects, is the law or will of our Creator. Besides this, however, we have a revelation of his will made in the Holy Scriptures, in which he both informs us how we should act, and also makes known to us still further the consequences which he has connected both with obedience and disobedience.

The days of martyrdom for opinion's sake are over; but even when it was at its height the joy of the belief, the faith and the trust which the truth inspired, rose triumphant over all the pains and sorrows which the cruelty of man could devise. And that joy remains to all who care for truth. To those who search for her and find her, and treasure her when found, she will prove a friend who will never disappoint and a joy which none can take away.

Whatever hurts a man in body, mind or heart hurts others also. If his health or powers are injured, his ability to assist others is lessened; if his character deteriorates, so must his influence. If he throws away advantages, he cannot communicate them; if he does not develop himself, he cannot develop others. There are indeed few more effective means of hurting others than by injuring our own character or lowering our own moral tone.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret or convicts us of any fault which had escaped our notice, but because it shows us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal.

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the wisest good may flow. Each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single house may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.

We should never be content. There is always something to alter, to abandon, or to pursue; and in that honest earnest work which our consciences approve we shall find neither room, time nor inclination for the idle and selfish spirit of dissatisfaction which paralyzes our powers, destroys our happiness, and renders us unable to bless or help our fellow-men.

Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties, either of poetry, eloquence, music or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest, cherish reflection, dispose to tranquility and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship.

The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and, since advice cannot be given but to those who will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to indulge in the odious habit. A patient listener however is not always to be had—and good counsel is thrown away upon those who are absorbed in their own reflections.

Talents are usually shown in preferences more or less strong, and upon their wise and patient cultivation depends the realization of our ideal. "To him that hath shall be given" is an inexorable law. The individual end to be accomplished will always vary; but the common end of success is fixed and universal.

The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the ardor of the soul. There is a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men and fitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit at the empty hook.

Love, sympathy, help, knowledge, intelligence—the best part of our inner lives—what an infinite harvest might be reaped out of them were they given and taken, combined and recombined, with all freedom and harmony! Yet how continually is this work hindered by our own unreceptiveness!

Grief and pain come alike to all, and cannot be escaped by any; broken hearts are to be found in palaces as well as in cottages, and the bond of brotherhood seems strongest when love and pity unite all hearts and reverence for what is good lifts up our souls.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular unhurried muscular exercise. If we moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our outdoor exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished.

There are two things which will make us happy in this world, if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help, and the second never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

The only way in which capital can increase is by saving. If you spend as much as you get, you will never be richer than you are. It is not what a man gets, but what he saves, that constitutes his wealth.

We know not what particular temptation may assail us in the future, but we can so order our present life as to weaken wrong desires and withdraw the force of evil influences.

It is a fact that before we begin to think we seem to know everything, while when we set about thinking in earnest we seem to know nothing.

As to the pure all things are pure, so the common mind sees far more vulgarity in others than the mind developed in genuine refinement.

If the wicked flourish and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fatted for destruction; thou art dieted for health.

Necessity is cruel, but it is the only test of inward strength. Every fool may live according to his own liking.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

Our interests are grains of opium to our consciences, but they only put it to sleep for a terrible awakening.

In the same brook none ever bathed him twice; to the same life none ever twice awoke.

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.

The World's Happenings.

Harvest hands in Oregon demand $3 a day and board.

The Czar of Russia spends an hour a day chopping down trees.

A cat that will drink beer is one of the curiosities of Calumet, O.

A letter can now be sent around the world in 60 days, via Vancouver.

The only cross-eyed cow in the country is owned by George Williams, of Comley, O.

An infant in Bridgeport, Conn., fell from the third-story window to the ground and escaped injury.

A Kentuckian recently sold a lot of mules by weight. The price paid was about 14½ cents per pound.

The colored giantess, Laura Wolford, who died at Lafayette, Ind., recently, "weighed 604 pounds and measured 3 yards around the waist."

It has been computed that the average growth of the finger nail is 1-32 of an inch per week, or a little more than one and one-half inches per year.

California fruit growers, who used to throw away their peach pits, are now getting $4 a ton for them. They are worth this for fuel. They make a hot and aromatic fire.

Villard, Dakota, is now reduced to one house and one newspaper. It is doing more good for the world than Gardner, Montana, with seventeen houses, sixteen of which are saloons.

A remarkable accident occurred to the pitcher of a base ball team at Weir, Kansas. The force of the delivery of a ball broke his arm square in two between the shoulder and the elbow.

Sylvester Hallock, a wealthy farmer of Fort Jefferson, L. I., is said to be dying of lockjaw, which has ensued from a wound on the inside of one of his hands, caused by his falling on a plowshare.

A colored congregation out in Indianapolis having split, one faction nailed up the church doors, and the other, not to be bested, held services on the steps, a policeman being present to preserve order.

A German lieutenant practicing with a balloon got his foot entangled in the valve line and was carried for two miles with his head downward. The balloon lit without breaking his neck, but he was insensible.

Matthew Smith, for many years the official garbage contractor of Brooklyn, died lately. One of his eccentricities was always to send a load of coal as a present to every young couple in his ward on their marriage.

John K. Davis, of Cincinnati, is said to be very proud of the fact that he has the smallest man's hand in the country. He cannot get, except with difficulty, a glove small enough to fit him. The size of his hat is not announced.

According to recent statistics, 653 people were killed in France from 1833 to 1882 by lightning. Of these 457 were men and 196 women. The majority of the deaths occurred in the open fields, and not in mountainous regions, as might be supposed.

For years a Springfield, Mass., horse suffered from a sore shoulder. This week a veterinary surgeon made a close examination of the shoulder and found a 25-cent silver piece deeply imbedded in the flesh. How the coin got there is a mystery.

Rev. Frederick Mayer, pastor of a church in Lansing, Michigan, recently drew $5,000 in a lottery. His congregation are raising a big row about his action, but he says he has done no wrong and is going to keep the cash. A vacancy will be made in his pulpit.

King Leopold, of Belgium, is not only the sworn enemy of tobacco, but he is a vegetarian, dislikes music, and is the embodiment of many other eccentricities. One of these is an aversion to wearing his hat in the open air, as he believes the action of the wind on his head is beneficial.

The greatest national debt among the nations of the globe is borne by France. It is about $6,220,000,000. Russia comes next with $3,600,000,000; then England with $3,580,000,000; Austro-Hungary with $3,480,000,000; Italy with $2,225,000,000; Spain with $1,207,500,000, and Prussia with $1,000,000,000.

Lord Tennyson's 80th birthday has been celebrated by the English press with a characteristic grumble because the poet still draws his pension of $1,000 which was awarded to him 40 years ago. His books sell by hundreds of thousands, and he is a rich man. Why should he take public money, of which other writers are in sore need? is asked.

A man in ignorance of the fact that his hand was off was found by a policeman walking on the railroad track at Lynn, Mass., early on a recent morning. It was afterwards learned that shortly before daylight, while he was asleep under a shed with his hand on the track, a freight train backed and severed the member. The amputation was as cleanly done as if a knife had been used, though it numbed all the nerves of the arm. He admitted having been drinking, and didn't look unlike a tramp.

A railroad laborer living at Minnesota City, Minn., put a heavy log chain about the neck of his 12-year-old son, locked it so tightly that the boy was nearly choked, and then went away to work. Two or three hours later neighbors carried the lad to a blacksmith shop, where the chain was removed. When the father got home the neighbors turned out in force and after a struggle chained him by the neck to a post. The boy had offended by freeing a lot of sheep which had been confined in a pen and were suffering for water.

New Haven, Conn., police recently detected a saloon keeper who was selling liquor on Sunday in a curious way. An officer ascended East Rock, having first secured a good spyglass. He took a position where he could see the saloon and watch it. Presently he saw some men enter, and he thereupon gave a signal by waving a handkerchief to a squad of officers stationed in a house near the saloon. They also had a glass, and when the signal was given descended upon the saloon. The proprietor was arrested and fined $50 and costs the next day.

TO MY FRIENDS.

BY JOHN JERVIS BERESFORD.

"Dear friends, when I am dead,
Think, sometimes say,
At morn, or noon, or point of dying day,
"I wish that he were with us—had not fled."

For whether far or near,
In earth or sky,
To you, I think, I must be somehow nigh,
And such regret it would be sweet to hear.

"Think of me at my best,"
When brain and heart
Did, of what store was theirs, their wealth impart,
Think of me thus, and not by pain oppress.

Pain passes; that will last
Defying death
Which in us felt earth's rapture—long'd for breath
To sing life's largeness—present, future, past.

The Top of Her Bent.

BY FAYE MADOC.

ONCE upon a time there was a Princess who believed so ardently in the supernatural, that at last she thought and talked of nothing else, and occupied herself solely in discussing dreams and spiritual manifestations, and she surrounded herself with people only who had seen visions and whose strange dreams had (or had not) come true, and who had received spiritual manifestations and seen apparitions—or at least whose second cousins and great aunts had witnessed the extraordinary.

Now the Princess dwelt in a palace which had once been a place of luxury and delight, where people could move about fearlessly during all the twenty-four hours of every day and night.

But now that this Princess reigned in it, it was haunted by spirits, and, go where one might, some intangible presence or some eerie appearance filled every nook and corner of it.

One day the Lord Chamberlain met a Shadowy Lady in Blue on the staircase, who seemed to gaze at him out of eyeless sockets.

The Lord Chamberlain did not fail to relate his adventure, and the next day the first Maid of Honor encountered the same lady in the picture-gallery.

Then she was seen by the Chief Page; then by the Mistress of the Robes. Soon she had been seen by the whole household, including the Princess herself, and thenceforth the Eyeless Blue Lady became a denizen of the palace and walked there as freely as its royal mistress.

Next, a phantom coach was heard at midnight to drive up to the palace portals and a phantom hand rang furiously at the great bell.

No eye saw this vision. The curiosity of those who peeped remained ungratified. But the sounds were heard by many, and those who heard shuddered and clung to each other in dismay.

Soon, unusual things happened in the palace with regularity and frequency. Nightly, a cold and terrible hand was laid upon the cheek of the Lord Chief Justice after he had extinguished his light.

Nightly also, a rustling gown passed through the chamber of the Generalissimo of the Army.

On Sundays, at two in the early morning, a hysterical laugh was laughed at the bedside of the Princess herself, and at an hour before cock crow every month when the moon began to wane, feet scuffled, a heavy body fell, and a deep and dreadful groan was uttered in the apartment of the Poet Laureate.

An intangible monk seemed to inhabit the library; an invisible but bloody presence was felt to pervade the ball-room.

Men shunned the smoking room at the going down of the sun, because at that hour the apartment was permeated by the faint and exquisite aroma of a tobacco no mortal had ever inhaled.

The grand piano in the the drawing-room was constantly played upon, and when the Princess and her suite entered in haste—although but that instant the room had been ringing with melody—the piano would be found closed and the apartment void.

Children scampered up and down the wide staircases, when there were no children within a mile of the palace.

Dogs whined at closed doors, and lo! when one arose to admit the creature, no dog was to be found.

In short, there was no end to the extraordinary occurrences which took place in the Princess's palace daily.

The Princess grew thin and haggard, and her large and luminous eyes looked as if they would fall out of her head.

And her whole court grew meagre and pallid also, and none spoke above his breath, and the women clustered together in twos and threes, and when any one entered a room, the occupants would ask at once, "What have you seen? What have you experienced? What did you dream last night?"

Then some who had formerly held high offices at the court, but who had been displaced because they were incredulous of the Princess's second sight, and because they had declared that he only who desired to see ghosts saw them, for they said that ghosts existed not, drew together in consultation and agreed that something must be done.

"Let us prevail upon the Princess to marry. Marriage is a healthy state," said one.

This proposition was received with unanimity, and an audience of the Princess being obtained, two gentlemen, who had once been respectively Prime Minister and Chief Court Physician, were admitted into Her Royal Highness's august presence.

They found their royal mistress—who was herself as slender as a lily and very wan—surrounded by her maids of honor, lean and terrified damsels, and by her ministers of state—cadaverous and melancholy personages.

The whole assembly looked as if it were smitten with some painful nervous sickness; each one glanced hither and thither, as though devoured by some dread expectancy—all started at every sound, and their breasts heaved with inexplicable emotions and their bony hands were clenched convulsively.

For very pity the ex-Chief Physician could have wept. But he restrained himself, while the ex-Prime Minister explained his errand, begging respectfully to inform the Princess that, while she was striving to grasp the Supernatural, the Natural was falling into decay—that the Army and Navy were becoming disorganized, foreign powers were growing aggressive, literature was neglected and art and science forgotten, social evils were unremedied, and the whole realm was becoming disaffected.

Then the Princess said, sighing, "What would you have me do?"

Then the ex-Prime Minister replied with caution, "Madam, we would have your Royal Highness bend your mind from the Immaterial to the Material. To one so widely read as your Royal Highness we need not to quote the wise man's words: 'Our business is not to know all things, but those which concern our conduct.'"

"But how can we tell what truths may not be revealed to us through spiritual investigation?" said the Princess.

"Madam, truth will reveal itself in its own good time," rejoined the ex-Prime Minister.

"Not so," said the Princess. "Does not the pearl remain hid until the diver plunges into the sea? I have deeply explored spiritual phenomena, and there have been vouchsafed to me visions so translucent that they were indiscernible to any but the most highly spiritualized, and many other wondrous experiences have been accorded to me, the serviceableness of which will doubtless be revealed in days to——"

"Madam," interrupted the ex-Chief Physician, "does not your Royal Highness know that the senses respond to impressions from within as well as to impressions from without?"

"Sir, what mean you by that?" inquired the Princess, frowning.

"Madam," said the ex-Chief Physician, boldly, "I mean that in the brain messages may be transmitted from the ideational centres to the sensory ganglia, and that these messages from within produce a similar effect to the impressions caused by external stimuli: hence, at the suggestion of the ideational centres, sights may be seen and sounds heard, nay, even tastes, odors and tactual impressions perceived which are not objective at all, but purely imaginary."

"Do you mean, sir," cried the Princess, "that you think I invent the spiritual manifestations in which I rejoice?"

"That which your Royal Highness so aptly suggests is what your Royal Highness's humble servant is fain to think," said the ex-Chief Physician with a low bow.

"If my chief executioner were not confined to his bed, and very ill from the effects of an awful vision which was given to him last night, in which he saw all the executioners of all time waging war against all the executed, and the executed, forming a mighty army, with their heads beneath their arms, subduing them, I would have you beheaded," said the Princess.

The ex-Chief Physician bowed again, and the ex-Prime Minister hastened to say that, putting aside all explanations that might be offered as to the objectivity or subjectivity of spiritual manifestations, he would come to the point by declaring that he and all the rest of her Royal Highness's faithful subjects earnestly desired that the Princess might show herself most gracious towards them, and to this end, trusting that the indulgence of pure and healthy domestic joys would render her more mindful of the mundane needs of her people, they humbly entreated their royal mistress to enter forthwith into the holy bonds of wedlock.

At this the Princess blushed, for she was but a woman, notwithstanding her predilection for the Supernatural.

"But I do not wish to marry," she said.

"Nevertheless, we venture to implore your Royal Highness to reconsider the matter," said the ex-Prime Minister.

"But whom should I marry? Whom could I marry?" said the Princess.

"Madam," began the ex-Prime Minister, "there is the Prince of——"

But the Princess cut him short.

"A Prince is nought to me," she said. "What have I in common with ordinary mortals who have no cognizance of the spirit-world, who are too gross and carnal to discern the invisible or to apprehend the impalpable, and whose organizations are too coarse to receive incorporeal manifestations? Nay, my lord, if you would have me wed, you must find for me a husband so completely en rapport with the spirit world that he shall pass through the Crucial Test, wherewith I shall try him, and retain not only my esteem and confidence but my adoring reverence."

At these words, the ex-Prime Minister and the ex-Chief Physician drooped their heads dejectedly, while a faint murmur of applause arose from the thin lips of the courtiers.

But a child, who was seated on a stool at the Princess's knee, the orphan son of her nearest friend, asked, "Godmother, what is the Test?"

All listened for the answer. But the Princess was moody, and would not explain.

"When the time comes you will know," she said.

Then the two ex-officers retired, sad and desponding, and the Princess withdrew into a dim chamber, where daily at that hour was heard the music of unseen violins, played high in the air by phantom fiddlers.

The ex Ministers rubbed their heads and thought. What was this Crucial Test wherewith the Princess should try her would-be-husband?

And who would be found to submit himself to the ordeal? The two good gentlemen were sorely perplexed.

But a rich princess need not remain single long, and, as in the legends of fairy-land, suitors quickly presented themselves, each one confident that the Test—however hard it might be—was no harder a nut than he could conveniently crack.

Upon each suitor who was brought before her, the Princess turned her eyes languidly.

"And what is your title to seek my hand?" she said then.

And one offered her a pack of cards and bade her name the card that should spring from among its fellows.

And another produced lighted Chinese lanterns out of the Lord High Chamberlain's hat.

And another caused his limbs to be tied with cords in many knots and had himself shut up within a small space with a cigarette paper laid upon his knees, and lo, in a moment the curtain was withdrawn and the cigarette was rolled and between the lips of him who still sat there bound with knotted cords.

But the Princess only smiled and said, "That is merely sleight of hand and any juggler can do as much."

Then others came, relating how in the stillest hours of night in locked chambers, friend who were at a great distance appeared to them, and how they had learnt afterwards that at that moment the friend had died, and telling of warning voices which had kept them from starting on some fateful journey and of prophetic dreams which had been realized, and of strange coincidences and marvelous presentiments and eccentric exhibitions of psychic phenomena.

But the Princess still smiled and said, "These are only the normal displays of spiritual force and the lowest servants in my scullery have had manifestations as marked and as unusual."

And some of the suitors went away crestfallen.

But some pleaded to be allowed to undergo the Test, and to these the Princess said, "Tell me of what I am thinking. This is not the Test, but if you can tell me that, you will have accomplished something."

Then each strove to read the royal lady's thought and one guessed one thing and one another.

But none could divine, for the Princess was always thinking that each of her suitors was more tedious and unacceptable than the one that came before.

At last there arrived a young and handsome Professor of Mental Physiology.

"Madam," said he, "there is no need that I should try your patience by exhibiting tricks of legerdemain. All juggleries can I perform. But they are nothing to me, since I can set the Thames on fire, draw blood from a stone, run the gauntlet of criticism, pick a quarrel, nurse revenge, put a rod in pickle, break my mother's heart, teach my grandmother to suck eggs, catch a weasel asleep, get out of bed on the wrong side, raise the wind, play with fire, kill two birds with one stone, keep myself close, laugh on the wrong side of my mouth, save my breath to cool my porridge, keep a secret, steal a kiss, hug the shore, hatch a plot, drive a bargain, swallow an indignity, make a mountain out of a molehill, reduce an argument to an absurdity, double my pace, let money fly, find a verdict, preserve my temper, mince matters, create confusion, magnify my own importance, rivet your attention, take the bull by the horns, and lose myself in a crowd. I can also play upon the imagination and fool a woman to the top of her tent, Madam, your Royal Highness doubtless perceives that my relations with the unseen powers are extraordinary. May it be that to your Royal Highness's most humble servant shall be vouchsafed to pass the Crucial Test, which shall be the key to so great ecstasies!"

Then the Princess regarded him with favor, and she said, "Sir, how did you obtain this connection with the Supernatural?"

And the Professor answered, "Madam, I have obtained it by the most careful and incessant cultivation of a certain part of the brain, within which lies the power of being in touch with the unapproached and the unapproachable. In most human brains these supra-normal ganglia are merely rudimentary, and to few is it given so to develop these higher convolutions that their mystic powers are declared. But before these few are spread the marvelous mysteries of the other world, of which grosser creatures know naught, and which they—in their ignorant and undeveloped state—deride."

"Professor," said the Princess, earnestly, "how can I obtain this supra-normal development?"

"Madam," said the Professor, "by perpetually dwelling upon the supra-normal idea, the supra-normal nerves are set in motion and the supra-normal groove becomes fixed, and presently the supra-normal ganglia dominate the whole existence. The rest of the mind may be dormant. The senses may be dulled and the intellect atrophied. But the supra-normal groove will deepen and the supra-normal nerves will work with more and more activity, till the Highest State shall be achieved—even constant communion with the unperceived and the imperceptible. But if I mistake not Madam, your Royal Highness has already reached this Ultimate State."

"I have thought of the Supernatural and of nothing else for many years," said the Princess.

"And you have perceived?" said he, tentatively.

"Many wonderful things have been manifested to me," said she. "Only this morning the idea of a Strangled Abbot accompanied me from the moment of waking until noon. I did not see it, neither did I hear its last gurgling breath, nor yet did I feel it. But it was given to me to apprehend that it was there by a subtle and indescribable sense, which is vague and mystic, and yet sharp and powerful as a Damascene blade."

"The Supra-normal is ever wonderful," murmured the Professor.

"Yet there are some who call my delicate perceptions abnormal, who attribute my visions to a diseased and morbid fancy, who impress upon me the manifestions I have received are entirely subjective," said the Princess.

"Those are the coarse and grovelling natures which cannot soar to the cultivation of the supra-normal faculties," said the Professor with warmth. "The supra-normal faculties of such are more rudimentary than those of the brutes, for even dogs bark at we know not what, and howl dis-

mally when death draws near."

"Then you do not think that my delight in spiritual communion evidences an unsound mind?" said the Princess.

"A thousand times, no!" cried the Professor, with much energy. "I believe that it indicates the evolution of a sixth sense, which shall substantiate the fourth dimension, discover the chemical properties of spirit, and beside which the functions of the normal senses and the action of the normal brain shall seem like sight and hearing and intelligence in a month old babe. To your Royal Highness is it permitted to be one of the pioneers of this new, splendid and unimaginable development."

The Princess would have indefinitely prolonged this conversation, for even to a lady whose supra-normal faculties are acute it is not altogether disagreeable to be en rapport with a handsome young man.

But at this juncture the Prime Minister came forward and begged respectfully to inquire whether the Princess would graciously deign to inform him if she intended to apply the Crucial Test to the last arrived suitor.

Then the Princess, turning her large and speaking eyes upon the Professor, said:

"Tell me of what I am thinking. This is not the Test, but if you can tell that, you will have accomplished something."

"Madam," said the Professor bold, "it becomes not me to read your Royal Highness's thoughts aloud. But should an oracle reply to your Royal Highness's command, would it not say, 'Sweet is the rapture of your mutual understanding and the lasting companionship of equal minds is beyond praise?'"

Then the Princess's pale cheek flushed red, for she had indeed been thinking that if she could bestow her hand upon any, it would be upon this handsome and sympathetic professor, whose mind seemed to be a counterpart of her own.

So she said with confusion:

"That will pass, Professor. My thoughts were possibly of some seductive theme."

"Then may I hope that your Royal Highness will impart to me what is the Crucial Test?" said he.

"It is a hard thing," returned she, sighing, for she was reluctant to risk losing the Professor's society.

"Nevertheless, I will overcome it," said he.

Then the Princess groaned within herself, not daring to believe that the Professor should succeed. But at last she said:

"Professor, if upon a certain day, in my sight and in the sight of all my court, you, by your own volition, be snatched away wholly and taken utterly out of our fleshly cognizance; and if, returning to us, you be etherealized as no mortal man has ever been, and if you have had discernments such as no human senses have ever opened unto, then shall I know that your relations with the Supernatural are absolute, and then shall I trust in you completely and adore you with the utmost reverence. This is the Test."

Then all gazed at the Professor expecting that he should be daunted. But he said:

"Madam, be it as your Royal Highness desires. In eight days will I be ready to undergo the Test, and then will I—in your Royal Highness's sight, and in the sight of all the court—vanish wholly from your fleshly cognisance; and returning after a space, I will be fair and spiritualized beyond thought, and my knowledge shall transcend all human discrimination. Now retire we all and let us spend our days fasting and in contemplation, so that our grosser parts may be deadened and our supranormal faculties intensified to the uttermost. And beware, Madam, lest by the indulgence of the smallest normal thought your Royal Highness's supra-normal faculties be but for an instant diminished, for if your Royal Highness's supra-normal faculties should abate their keenness and their expectancy only for the twinkling of an eye, it is most sure that some portion of the mystic drama will escape your Royal Highness's apprehension, and in this case, should the veil of the universe be rent asunder and the spirit-chorus come to meet you, your Royal Highness would be deaf and blind to these inconceivable glories. And I, Madam," he added, in a voice audible to the Princess alone, "I should be cruelly disappointed. For I think that your Royal Highness has developed a mental possibility and a cerebral convolution hitherto unknown among men, and if I find that I am mistaken, if I be compelled to own that your Royal Highness's faculties are but normal and undeveloped—truly, Madam, if I find this to be so, my fate will be indeed bitter, and I shall be of all men the most wretched. I shall have passed through the Crucial Test and I shall be etherealized beyond compare. But if my royal mistress stand without, of what avail will it be that my supra-normal powers are unimpeachable? For without you, Madam, your Royal Highness's faithful servant ceases to exist."

Then all withdrew, and upon the eighth day, when the sun was low, the court was reassembled, and the Professor stood in the midst, clothed in a strange garment, whose texture might not be discovered nor its hues named, and an affable smile was upon his lips.

And the courtiers were lean and pale and heavy-eyed, for they had fasted greatly and endured much contemplation, and the pallor and emaciation of the Princess was more than all of theirs. But the Princess's godson was comely and well nourished.

Then the Professor, standing in the sight of the Princess and of all the court, raised his hands and cried with a loud voice, and immediately they saw him not, neither did their eyes behold him during the time that one might have counted two score. Then a voice said:

"Welcome me, O my Princess!" and again they saw the Professor standing in their midst.

And he said:

"Madam, did I not see that time hath laid no hand upon your Royal Highness's countenance, I should say that my absence had endured for centuries. For that which no human language can utter has been revealed to me, and the unspeakable and indescribable has been shown to me, and the knowledge of the Supernatural has transfused me and etherealized me as no mortal man hath ever been heretofore; and this your Royal Highness's intensified supra-normal faculties can well perceive."

And the Princess gave her hand to the Professor, and promised to rely upon him for evermore and to adore him with reverence.

But the Princess's godson said, "The Professor never disappeared at all. He stood there the whole time, and I saw him snap his fingers and wink."

Then the Professor said mildly, "Doubtless, my child, you thought you saw me standing there. But you looked with the eyes of your body, and so brief was my absence that it seemed to you I had never gone—as, when you spin a top with a red spot, so rapid is the movement of the top that the red spot seems ever in sight."

And the Professor took the Princess's hand and led her away to the banqueting-hall, and the next day the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp, and the Professor ruled the Princess and her dominions from that time, and there was prosperity in that land.

But the Princess caused her godson to be whipped, and commanded that he should be sent to a Haunted School.

Fedora's Journey.

BY W. S. W.

SHE had been lying outside her bed all night in her heavy mourning garments, with nothing thrown aside but the widow's cap that always looked strangely incongruous with her youthful face and masses of curly hair. She had not closed her sorrowful blue eyes, but neither had she stirred except to feed the six month's old baby, lying amidst the pink ribbons and lace of its bercaunette.

But when the moon began to wane, and the dawn was nigh, Fedora Lamarque sprang up, strengthened with a new resolve.

"For you, my baby, my darling," she murmured, "for you I must be brave; and there is no time to be lost. When they come to insist on my submission to their plans, they must not find us here. I will make at least one effort to save myself and you."

Her resolution once made there was no more hesitating. Quickly and noiselessly she went to a light closet or wardrobe, and from the farthest corner brought a dark gray serge travelling costume, worn on the Alps two or three years previously; a shady hat, and pair of stout walking-boots. Exchanging her widow's garb for these, and putting a change of linen into a knapsack, she then opened drawer after drawer, selecting all that was necessary for the infant's use, and making them into a soft square bundle. Besides this she carried the little child, not arrayed in cream cashmere and satin as usual, but wrapped in a couple of soft, dark shawls. Then, with one swift, sad glance around the luxurious chamber she was leaving, she turned her back upon it for ever.

But she locked the door, and carried the key away. When they came to call her to breakfast as usual, they should think that she was sullenly resenting the threats held out to her on the previous evening; and as they might hesitate to break open the door too hastily, it would give her more time for escaping.

Just as the first streaks of dawn appeared in the summer sky, Fedora glided through the kitchen, and with her baby in her arms, crossed the court-yard to where, in one of the coach-houses, stood baby's perambulator. Her bundle and knapsack were bestowed under its cushions, the slumbering child gently laid upon them, and out into the wide world went the young mother, taking care to leave no other traces of her departure than were absolutely unavoidable. The guardians of this youthful widow, and inmates of Bewleigh Villa, Surbiton, were a brother and sister—the one stern and domineering (few ever ventured to disobey him); the other cat-like in her sleekness and insincerity.

Fedora looked up at their closed blinds and trembled; but they made too sure of her to sleep badly; for hours to come they would dream on, never guessing that she was shaking off a yoke borne from the time her father's sudden death placed his only child and heiress in their power.

In her walks and drives Fedora had learned enough of the locality to know which direction it would be most prudent to take.

It was in London they would seek her, therefore to London she would not go. Neither would she venture near either of the railway stations. Andrew Bewleigh, Esquire, was, or fancied himself, a man of importance in the neighborhood, and no doubt he would be able to have descriptions of her wired to every place she was likely to visit. Her destination was in reality Portsmouth, but would she ever succeed in compassing the many miles that lay between the home she was quitting and that busy seaport town!

This was a question she dare not put to herself just then, lest her courage should utterly desert her. She must go steadily onward, guiding herself by the little map she had slipped into her pocket, and trusting that her simple dress and the perambulator would make every one she encountered regard her as the nurse, and not the mother of her precious charge.

Long before any pedestrians, besides herself, were on the road she had passed through pretty Esher, and Fair-mile, and reached one of the wildly picturesque patches of common that stud the county of Surrey, and lend it a beauty of its own.

Here, careful to husband her strength, she retreated to a thymy hollow at some little distance from the high road, and fed the baby, now wide awake, and crowing its delight at the sweet, fresh morning air, and the wild flowers with which it found itself surrounded.

Here, too, she ate the frugal breakfast with which she had provided herself, and then rested yet longer and studied her map long and anxiously. She was a better walker than her sex in general; during the tour in Switzerland that preceded her marriage she had often compassed fifteen miles per day, but this was a feat only rendered possible by the bracing, exhilarating mountain air, and must not be attempted now. If she could reach Guilford, pass through the town in the dusk of the evening, when no one would be likely to notice her, she must be content. There were quiet spots on the route, to one or other of which she could retreat during the heat of the day; and baby would come to no harm as long as the sun shone, and the skies were blue.

But the night! where should she go when night came on?

Fedora assured herself that, once through the town and into the open country again, it would not be difficult to find a secluded cottage or lonely farm-house whose inmates would consent to receive her, and ask no questions; but when the day was actually over, and the High Street traversed with beating heart, least from the portal of one of the old inns Andrew Bewleigh should leap, her strength, both of mind and body, suddenly gave way.

She toiled on, afraid to stop in spite of excessive fatigue and aching feet, for she fancied every laborer on his way home regarded her suspiciously, every policeman eyed her with distrust. The road, too, was so dark, and long, and dreary, and Portsmouth so far off—how could she ever hope to reach it?

Presently she caught sight of a haystack in a field she was passing. The gate was not fastened, so she dragged the perambulator through it, and hastened to ensconce baby's carriage where the hay had been partly cut away, forming a snug nook in which she and the now fretting baby would be fairly sheltered.

The child was soon hushed, and slumbered soundly in the arms of its mother, but Fedora dared not sleep, too. A gang of noisy tramps passed along the road, and loitered by the field-gate long enough to throw her into an agony of terror lest they should invade her retreat. They passed on, but only to bivouac at a short distance, where they lit a fire, quarrelled and fought, shrieks of murder reaching the ears of the terrified woman, who crouched in her hiding-place, afraid to stay, and yet more afraid to fly.

Would it never be morning? And yet, when the sun did rise her fears redoubled, lest its light should betray her to the prowling ruffians, from whom there would be no one to protect her. Not till, with much grumbling and growling, and still wrangling with each other, the half-dozen or so of vagabonds of both sexes trooped back to the town, dared she hurry away in the opposite direction.

But how often might she not encounter similar parties of wanderers, and not be so successful in evading them! Her heart died within her, and her limbs would scarcely sustain her. The woman who kept the little shop, into which she ventured to buy milk and biscuits for the baby, compassionately asked if she were staying in the neighborhood for her health, and offered her a cup of tea.

This she thankfully accepted, and then wandered on, hoping that the feelings that night of terror had engendered would gradually pass off. But they did not; her head ached—her limbs were stiff—and the effort of soothing the pretty child—who seemed to share her mother's discomfort—was almost beyond her.

Still, no thought of going back to Bewleigh Villa entered her mind. Onward she plodded, feverishly eager to reach, before night fell, another large town, where she thought she might venture to enter a hotel, and after a few hours' rest hire a vehicle to carry her to her destination.

But every mile seemed longer, and the sun more scorching; and when someone who had drawn near unobserved tapped her on the shoulder, she dropped as if killed, one faint moan escaping her white lips as she rolled over in the dust.

When Fedora came to her senses she was lying on some turf by the wayside, her hair wet with the water with which she had been plentifully besprinkled; at a little distance sat baby in her carriage, contentedly biting a crust held to her lips by a ragged, barefooted urchin, who had to stand on tip-toe to reach her; and kneeling beside baby's mother, with an infant of her own seated astride on her hip, was a shabby, sunburned young woman, who surveyed Fedora with curiosity and compassion.

"Better?" she asked. "A pretty turn you gi'me when you went down like a dead thing! Was the heat as did it?"

"Yes, I am better," said Fedora, trying to sit up, and writhing as she saw her darling's chubby pink fist seized in the grubby paws of the ragged urchin who was feeding her.

"Bide still a little longer," advised the woman, "it's fine and shady here, and my Tommy's a rare good hand at keeping a little 'un amused. My eye, she's a beauty, she is!" and the speaker nodded at Fedora's baby, "but fine feathers make fine birds, don't they? Anybody could see she's a lady's child. Your missus's?"

"She is mine, my very own!" exclaimed the mother, vehemently; "my little Rita, the only treasure I have!"

And with much difficulty, for her head was still dizzy, Fedora raised herself and took baby into her arms.

The woman surveyed her in silence till the color began to return to her cheeks, then felt justified in renewing her catechizing:

"You'll be glad to get home and lie down a bit, won't ye? Have ye far to go?"

"To Portsmouth," said Fedora, with a sigh.

"To Portsmouth!" was repeated, incredulously, "and afoot! Nonsense; you can't do it. Tramping so far is hard lines for the likes o' me, and I've repented me a'ready that'ever I started; but for you it's madness. Where's your husband?"

"He died two months after our marriage, and the only real friend I have in the world—the only one who would protect baby—is at Portsmouth. Don't discourage me, I must go to him! What will become of baby if I do not?"

"Poor soul, don't fret like that!" exclaimed the woman, "though maybe a good cry will clear your head and set ye on your feet again. Cheer up; I'm bound for Portsmouth too. You're not the only one that's up to your head in trouble. Look at me, 'Ria Marks—that's my name. We was doing fairly well out Spitalfield way—t'other side o' London ye know—Jack with his barrer, and me with a bit of washing—when an old mate of his comes home from Australia, and nothing would do but Jack must go with him everywheres. Then Jack used to come back the worse for liquor, and I scolded and we fought, for I've got plenty o' spirit, though you mayn't think it to look at me, till one night he gave me a crack that knocked me down, and the neighbors said I was dead and Jack believed 'em, and—I ain't seen him since."

"Poor wife!" murmured Fedora, who heard the husky voice falter.

"But I know where he is. He 'listed in a regiment that's just ordered abroad, and the ship sails from the Harbor this day week. I wasn't a going to let him start without seeing Tommy and little Polly—poor chap! He was always so took up with his children, and as good a husband as ever lived when he kep' from the drink, that he was!"

"What will you do when your husband is gone?" asked Fedora.

"Get back to London and make a living for the little 'uns somehow. While they're small they don't want much. But you're as white as white can be; is it with the hunger? because——"

But Fedora stopped the hand that was unknotting a red handkerchief, filled with broken victuals bestowed on little Tommy at a house where he had begged a drink of water, and assured her generous companion she wanted nothing but rest.

"Then lie down here and get a good sleep, and Tommy and me will mind the baby. She sha'n't come to no harm, I promise you."

But while Fedora was hesitating whether to accept this offer or not, a wagon came in sight, half-filled with straw, and driven by a simple-looking lad, who was going to a farm some ten miles farther along the road to fetch some calves.

With very little parleying he consented to take up the whole party.

A bed was made in the straw for Fedora, and her child laid beside her; but ere she was allowed to sleep she found her new friend bending over her.

"Are you quite certain that you've told me true? Do you know, I'm terrible afeared you've stole this pretty baby from her mother. She can't be yours, you're such a young thing yourself; and it's a dreadful cruel trick to rob a woman of her child. Now, do be a good girl, and tell the truth about it."

"Rita is mine—I assure you she is mine!" was the earnest reply. "I know I was very young and foolish when I was induced to marry, but I am older now, and it is to save my child from my own miserable fate that I am carrying her away."

After this explanation Fedora was allowed to lie still, and the steady jog-trot of the lumbering farm-horses soon lulled her into a refreshing slumber.

When she awoke it was morning. Long hours ago the wagon had been drawn into a farm-yard, the horses had been stabled and the wagoner was snoring beside them, till roused to commence his return journey.

Warned by experience that it would be advisable to depart before the farmer discovered that there were vagrants on his premises, 'Ria Marks assisted Fedora to descend from her perch, and together they turned their faces towards the sea.

But as soon as the chimneys of a village became visible 'Ria halted.

"We'd better part company here; I have got to earn my breakfast, so I'll hang behind a bit till you are half a mile or so ahead."

"Earn your breakfast!"

"Yes; I'm going to sing for it. Jack used to like to hear me tuning up when I was about my work. There ain't much tune left in my voice now, but when folks hears me and sees these two little children, they

mostly tosses me a copper or two or give [illegible] Victoria S."

"Don't leave me!" said Fedora, who clung to the protection of a creature scarcely less helpless than herself. "Don't leave me! I am not without money, thank Heaven! and we will go to Portsmouth together."

This resolve resulted in a halt being made at the cottage of an old woman, and 'Ria Marks paying a visit to the village emporium; while Fedora plunged her kicking, crowing baby into a bath, and fee'd her hostess to subject Tommy and Polly to the same process.

'Ria Marks seemed to lose her haggard looks and defiant manner when her rags and her children's had been cast off and replaced with decent, homely garments; and she confessed, with a sob, that she had wondered whether Jack would recognize in such wretched outcasts the neat wife and well-cared for little ones he had left.

In the covered van of one of the country carriers the rest of the journey was made—Fedora growing more and more anxious and thoughtful as she drew nearer to her destination.

While 'Ria Marks made the best of her way to the dock where the troop-ship was lying, the young widow, leaving baby's carriage in the care of the carrier, chartered a cab, and, driving to a well-known hotel, requested an interview with Captain Edward Halliston.

How painfully her heart throbbed while she waited his coming! It was three years since she, then a happy girl of seventeen, had last seen him in Switzerland. How many sorrowful hours she had spent since then!

He must be married, for the paragraph in a local paper that told her where he could be found also conveyed the tidings that Mrs. Halliston had accompanied him to Portsmouth. He was married—she a widow!

But the door of the room into which she had been shown flew open, and Edward Halliston stood before her; more bronzed and grave, but also handsomer than the image of him she had secretly cherished.

And now baby Rita embarrassed her mother by falling in love with this stately sea-captain at first sight.

The little shy child, who could rarely be induced to go to a stranger, held out her arms to him, and clung about his neck, and laid her soft cheek against his, refusing to be taken away from him.

"She is pleading her own cause," murmured Fedora. "She is saying to you, in her baby language, 'Protect me; I have no other friend who can do so!'"

"Have you repented, then, that you sent me away from you?" he asked, agitatedly.

"I never sent you away!" Fedora protested, growing pale and red by turns. "You left Lucerne suddenly——"

"Not till you had returned to me my letter entreating you to be mine, with a stiffly-written announcement that you had been for some months past engaged to your cousin."

"I never saw that letter—I never wrote that announcement! My guardian"—and now Fedora hung her head and her cheeks became scarlet, "Mr. Bewleigh, told me that I had driven you away, disgusted at my too ready acceptance of your attentions. It was not till months afterwards that I was induced to marry poor Charlie!"

"You loved him!" queried the captain, jealously.

"As a brother; always; but it was my guardian and his sister who arranged the affair."

"What were their motives?"

Again Fedora's face flushed.

"I did not know then; I do now. They were aware that he was dying; they induced him to will all he had to me, so that it would become Mr. Bewleigh's without a restriction of any kind, if I would consent to the marriage he is urging upon me. I have refused firmly, repeatedly, but he will not hear my refusals. With the help of his sister, whom I dread almost as much as I dread him, he means to bend me to his will; and the other night, when I said 'No, no,' again and again, he threatened to use his power as my guardian, and separate me from my baby. To prevent this I fled; to save her and myself I came to you. I know that you are true and generous and brave, and I have not another friend in the world, for they have never let me make any!"

"My poor little Fedora!" and Captain Halliston put his disengaged arm around her and drew her to his heart. "It must have been our good angel that inspired you to come to me."

But she struggled out of his embrace, crying, fearfully:

"Have I done wrong in coming? Will your wife misunderstand my motives, and bid you send me away?"

"My mother you mean. I hope I am too honorable to have wedded one woman while my affections were given to another. The dear old lady is in the next room. Let me take you to her, and she shall advise us what to do."

"But if my guardian should follow me here? I shall not be of age for another year."

This was a question that had to be solved quickly, for Captain Halliston was the commander of the ship in which Jack Marks was to sail for India in a couple of days.

He did not go, however; a substitute was found for him, and the Marks family returned to London, blessing Fedora for their reunion, and the substantial assistance that has enabled them to begin the world again.

When Mr. Bewleigh succeeded in tracing the ward whose property he had intended appropriating, he came too late. She had married Edward Halliston, and sailed away with him and baby Rita, a happy wife at last.

Her furious guardian uttered violent threats, but he had been too prudent, or too well aware that his conduct will not bear the light, to put them into execution.

THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.—An encouraging and instructive feature of biography is that which tells of men who have turned to advantage ill health and physical suffering.

It was unstable blood that drove Cowper from the law to poetry.

Schiller's life for fifteen years was a continuous and an heroic struggle against an ailment from which no relief could be hoped except by death; yet he has put it on record that out for this dread presence of a painful death he might never have produced those masterpieces which have placed him in the front rank of those writers who have the world for their country and all men for their admirers.

A similar advantage was won from disadvantage by that brilliant statesman the Earl of Chatham.

From infancy he was a martyr to hereditary gout. This circumstance led him into retirement and fostered in him those habits of regularity, abstinence, and study which laid the foundation of his fame.

Poverty will be regarded by most men as a disadvantage, though we have the word of Lord Eldon—and that word the outcome of his personal experience—that in order to acquire fame and riches a man must begin life without a shilling.

Kenyon went even so far as to declare that a rich man in order to succeed must begin by spending his own fortune, must marry, and must spend the fortune of his wife.

This is, of course, an heroic remedy which no one would adopt when clothed and in his right mind.

Nor does it strike one as the mark of a high-minded man to lay the foundation of success in the misery and privation of a woman, however often Erskine may be cited as having declared that he would have failed had he not felt his wife and children twitching at his gown.

If the history of failures is ever written, it will be found that the chief regret of those who furnish material for the bulky volumes is that they omitted to take that tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune.

Many men have, however, mistaken for the tide a ripple on the surface of their lives.

A certain briefless barrister thought that he had missed the tide when he was refused a commissionership in bankruptcy.

When that same lawyer became Lord Eldon, Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who had refused him the post, said:

"Jack, I withheld it as a favor to you. I saw your ability, but recognized that you were indolent, and that only want could make you industrious."

When Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, was forbidden by the governor of Dover to embark for Padua, he too thought that he had missed the tide.

The ship went down with all hands, and Harvey lived to see an advantage spring from a disadvantage, while the world was a gainer in one of the most important additions to medical knowledge.

SLEEP.—Sleep is a necessity of our nature—a state required for the rest and repair of functions, both bodily and mental, which are incapable of being repaired in any other way. Sleep fulfils, and is intended to fulfil, the great office of our nature. The sleep even of plants is not merely a poetic, but a scientific appropriateness.

The experiments of several eminent physicians furnish evidence that sleep depends on a lessened quantity and force of blood in the brain, and especially in the arterial part of the cerebral circulation. Lord Brougham considered dreams an incidental, not a constant part of sleep—a sort of fringe edging its borders.

The intellectual part of our nature is exhausted by its continued exercise, as the bodily organs require intermittent periods of repose and rest. Sleep protracted beyond the need of repair, and encroaching habitually upon the hours of waking action, impairs more or less the functions of the brain, and with them all the vital powers. The sleep of infancy, and that of old age, do not come under this category of excess.

But, though we cannot measure the amount of sleep by hours, or the consciousness of the sleeper, there is much real difference of the necessary degree in relation to the great function of repair. One hour in one case may comprise as much of what is true sleep, as two or many hours in another. The Duke of Wellington, on the field of Salamanca, when the two armies were closely pressing in the conflict, slept soundly. L. G. W.

IN comparing the literary merits of Dickens and Thackeray, an after-dinner orator in London said: "It's the wonderful insight into human nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but, on the other hand, it's in the brilliant sparks of satire, together with a keen sense of humor, that Dickery gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thickery is a humorist and Dickens is a satirist. But, after all, it's absurd to institute any comparison between Dickery and Thickens."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins of Nob Hill, San Francisco, and Great Barrington, Mass., is worth $30 000 000. Miss Elizabeth Garrett inherited one-third of John W. Garrett's $37,000,000. Mme. Barrais, now at Newport, has nearly $5 000 000 to keep the wolf from the door. She is young, pretty and a widow, and her condition is a reproach to American enterprise.

The street cars at Lyons, in France, are hereafter to be operated by a system of compressed air, which has been found to work satisfactorily in Nantes and other French cities. The cars are said to run smoothly and with but little noise, while the machinery is simple and does not require a skilled mechanic to superintend it. The cost is less than with horses, steam or electricity.

The English stand alone as regards the lateness of the hour at which they dine, and foreigners can hardly understand this preference for so late an hour for eating the chief meal of the day. Her majesty the queen sets example by dining at 9 o'clock, the leading nobility follow it by dining at 8 30; 8 o'clock, however, is a very general hour in London at which to dine, and very few people with any claim to be considered fashionable, dine earlier, except those who wish to adhere to the early hours of their younger days and insist upon dining at 7.30. At continental courts, on the contrary, the fashionable dinner hour is not later than six, and at some courts earlier in the summer months.

A gentleman went to the stamp window of the post-office in a neighboring city, and called for 100 one-cent stamps, tendering in payment 100 one-cent pieces. "Those are not legal tender in any such amounts," growled the stamp clerk; "I refuse to accept them." "You do, eh?" answered the gentleman. "Well, give me one stamp," at the same time shoving out a cent. The stamp was forthcoming. "Now give me a stamp." He got it. "Another stamp." "Now another." "See here," said the clerk, "how many stamps do you want? You are keeping twenty people waiting." "Oh, I always keep within the law," responded the gentleman. "Another stamp, please. Cents are not legal tender in large amounts. Another stamp." And he shoved out his cents and purchased stamps, one at a time, till he got his hundred. But the clerk was cured. Cents are legal tender at his window in barrel lots.

Some interesting statistics of the artificial tooth trade of the world have been published. A great proportion of the artificial teeth which are used in Europe and Asia, comes from the United States, whence, it appears, about 5 000 000 teeth are annually exported. The general color of the teeth which are used in various countries differs greatly. Canada takes the whitest; Great Britain and France demand pearly teeth, the teeth for South America are yellow; those for China are almost black: for artificial teeth must, of course, match the natural ones. The Chinese are extensive customers. Even in the inland towns of the Celestial Empire, where communication with civilization is difficult, the traveler seldom sees a native of any social position whose teeth are not, apparently, regular and sound. This is because the dentist in China is in universal demand. Every one who can pay for his services avails himself of them.

Statistics gathered by the government show that in India tigers every year cause the death of nearly two thousand human beings, and destroy about twenty thousand cattle. "The man eating tiger, whose victim is more frequently a woman or a child, is a beast of peculiar habits; usually an aged tiger, no longer able to catch the deer or antelope, and, perhaps with his teeth half-worn out, declining conflict with the boar or the buffalo. He therefore lies in wait amid the long grass by the path where girls and old women return from drawing water at the stream or tank, or are passing from one hamlet to another; and if the last one happens to lag behind alone, stopping to adjust her dress, or stooping to pick a thorn out of her foot, the tiger leaps forth, seizes her and carries her off, to feast on her mangled flesh. It is seldom that this sneaking and really cowardly savage beast will attack a man who carries anything like a weapon, unless the man has provoked the combat."

The *London Telegraph* says: "A young physician, Dr. Variot, who has already been successful in taking tattoo marks from the skins of several civilized savages, has been induced to test the efficacy of the famous physician, M. Brown-Sequard's 'Life Mixture.' He pestled together portions of the flesh-tissues of rabbits and guinea-pigs; diluted them with water, and injected the compound thus obtained into the bodies of three paupers, aged respectively 54, 56, and 68. The men had never heard of M. Brown-Sequard's solution, and were merely told that they were to be injected with strengthening fluid. We have Dr. Variot's word for it that his three patients, who, before being subjected to the wonderful remedy, were weak, worn, emaciated, and melancholy, suddenly became strong, fresh, and cheerful; took new views of life, and altogether felt as if they had received a new lease of existence." There are plenty who would but too gladly believe that this was possible.

R. R. R.

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It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a supply of

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Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, EARACHE, SCIATICA, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLINGS of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

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A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

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Yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAUL.

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☞ Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name of "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Our Young Folks.

FINDING HIS LEVEL.

BY LUCY FARMER.

"NOW, young Sulky, don't stand there! Come here when I call you; do you hear me?"

This polite order was addressed to a very unhappy youth, who, without a hat, his hands in his pockets, and a very untidy head of hair, was standing against the wall of the playground.

He was a rather miserable lad, but very quiet, and he often got teased and bullied by the other boys in the school. His name was Adams.

The boy who had called him was named Dalton, and he was a very great man—the "cock of the school!"

He was the envy and admiration of many boys, for he had a slight down on his upper lip which he called his "moustache," and which he very carefully pulled and pounded to make the hair sprout; but it did not come very quickly for all his trouble.

"Come here, young Sulky!" he cried again.

Then Adams came to where the great man stood inside the schoolroom near the desk.

It was a half holiday.

"Look here," said Dalton, "I am going out this afternoon, and I have some Latin and Greek exercises to write out. You must do them for me."

"Oh, Dalton, I can't; I want to go to the fields and see the game," said poor Sulky. "Besides, they are too hard for me."

"You miserable little muff! Don't talk to me! Sit down here and do my exercises, or I will give you a thrashing. Sit down!"

All the other boys were going out, and some of them said it was "a shame"; but the cock of the school did as he pleased.

So poor young "Sulky," as he was sometimes called, had to stay indoors for two hours and do the exercises.

But he was a clever lad, and though he was not so advanced in his class as were Dalton and many others, he had better brains; and he quickly managed the exercises.

Then he went out—it was only four o'clock—and watched the game. As he was seated on the grass someone came behind him and hit him, knocking off his cap.

Sulky turned round and saw Dalton, who said—

"Did I not tell you to do my exercises?"

"Yes, and they are done."

"What? In a couple of hours?—those Greek ones?"

"Yes, all of them. Why did you hit me?"

"Because I thought you hadn't done them. All right, I'll forgive you."

Adams thought that the forgiveness ought to come from him, but he did not say so.

However, he had a pleasant afternoon, and went home with the other boys. He did his lessons quickly, and then went to bed.

Next day Dalton took up his exercises with his name signed to them, and was praised by his class master for doing them so well.

"You will gain the prize, Dalton," he said, "if you continue in this way. They are more carefully done than usual, but there are still several errors."

He pointed out the mistakes, and Dalton saw them. He had not looked over young Sulky's work at all, else he might perhaps have detected them, or some of them. But he was quite pleased, and actually began to imagine he had done the exercises himself.

Adams did not come off quite so well in his class, but his master knew he was very clever and rather shy. So he did all he could for him, and Sulky did not get punished.

The master had seen him at work in the afternoon, and, thinking that the lad was trying to learn, he forgave him his bad lessons.

So Dalton's unkindness did not do young "Sulky" much harm.

But when other big boys found that their companion Dalton had his lessons done so well, they also made "young Sulky" write out for them.

This was very unfair, and Adams did not like it. So he was beaten and pinched and cuffed until he did the lessons while others played.

One day when he was doing some work for Jones, a big boy, his master came up and looked over his shoulder.

"Hard at work, Adams, I see, eh?" he said kindly.

"Yes, sir," replied Adams, rather guiltily.

"I wonder that you do not do better in your class," continued Mr. Harper. "Your lessons are not quite so good as they used to be. You must pay more attention, and then you need not work in play hours."

Poor Adams said nothing. He hung his head, for he could not tell Mr. Harper that doing other boys' exercises took up so much of his time and tired him so much that he could not pay attention to his own lessons.

But he learned a great deal by doing those exercises and lessons.

Though Adams said nothing to his master, he said a great deal to himself. He was, as we know, shy and reserved, and very yielding.

He did not like fighting, though he was no coward, as some boys once found when they were teasing a poor child who had only just come to the school.

This young lad was rescued by Adams, who offered to fight both the bullying boys.

So the days passed. Dalton did very well apparently in his class, but all his real hard, troublesome work was done by Adams.

Of course the "cock of the school" was in the first class, and had to work; but as he was not going up for any grand examinations at college or for the army he did not trouble himself.

His father, he said, "intended him for a country gentleman," and "he did not need to slave for his bread!"

But, unfortunately, his father lost a great deal of money in speculations, and before the end of the term he wrote to his son that he must try to take the big Scholarship, and have it for college, whither he must go and study for a profession! His father said he must do something for himself, and really work now.

This was very unfortunate for Dalton. Many were sorry for him, and his class master pitied and encouraged him.

"Never mind!" he said, "you will have an excellent chance of the Scholarship, for one of you lads must have it, and unless Jones or Saville beats you, you will take it."

"I think I can manage them, sir," said the "cock." "Thank you very much for your kindness."

Any boy in the school had a chance of gaining the prize.

Two hundred and fifty dollars a year for three years seemed to be, and really is, a great deal of money.

But Jones, Saville and Dalton now found how silly they had been in not thoroughly learning their lessons.

It did not so much matter for Saville and Jones; they could try again at another prize the following year; but the "cock of the school" was too old, and unless he got in this year he could not get in at all!

He really worked then, and did his own lessons: nearly always. Sometimes he got Adams to write his composition out, and Adams made mistakes, but learned to correct them.

Thus the time for sending in the names for the examination for the Scholarship came, and to everyone's great surprise "young Sulky" sent in his.

"Why, Sulky, you will never pass," said his friends.

"I'll try," said Adams. "I have a chance."

"You a chance, you shrimp!" cried Jones. "Why, what chance have you with Saville and me and the 'cock'? You silly, go and learn your grammar!"

Adams' master, however, was delighted. If the lad did pass, he, the master, would be praised.

So he encouraged him and "coached" him. Adams worked hard and did his work very well. He was very clever; had picked up a great deal; and was not afraid then.

The day came, and the boys went up. There were four candidates, and in course of the examination came, as it happened, some of the rather easy Latin and Greek exercises and composition which Adams had done with so much trouble for Dalton.

Adams had looked out all the words, and had learnt all about these exercises, and he did them very easily and quite correctly. He also did the other papers well, but he did not imagine he would pass with him. Still he did his best.

When the boys went back to school again the masters asked them questions, and felt sure that Dalton had passed, because he knew the composition.

So everyone was surprised when Adams' name stood first. He had gained the prize!

The head master and all the others were pleased except Dalton's master. He was annoyed, and said, "Why, Dalton, you did that composition nearly right weeks ago!"

Dalton hung his head. He was sorry he had not done it instead of making Adams do it.

Young Sulky had paid attention to the work, and had learned all he could. He won the prize and went to college and Dalton had lost his place as "cock of the school." His comb was cut!

So the work which Adams had so often grumbled at turned out the very best thing for him.

We never know what may happen if we only do our best, no matter how unpleasant the task may appear at the time.

STRANGE PATIENTS.—"Whatever is, is," says Moses in "The Vicar of Wakefield." This logic, commonly ascribed to women, appeals with peculiar force to all who have had experience of the realities of the imagination.

We can judge of sensations only by their effect, and it is useless to say that a pain or a pleasure can be set aside as imaginary because its origin is obscure and its cause doubtful.

There is a story of a condemned criminal who died when told that he was being bled to death, though his veins had been but gently pricked with a pin, and the drops that fell upon his ear were drops of water, not of blood.

The theory that underlies this record of the power of the imagination has been confirmed over and over again by well-authenticated cases.

A lady called at the house of a country doctor in order to consult him as to the health of her daughter. The young lady had been treated by several medical men, none of whom, however, had succeeded in removing from her arm a wound which, she declared, gave her intense pain.

No cause could be given for the injury, and, as it obstinately declined to yield to simple treatment, the doctor began to look out for other than local symptoms.

His suspicion was aroused, and one day he took a piece of discolored matter from the arm for the purpose of minute examination.

Judge of his surprise when he discovered that the discoloration was caused by liquorice or Spanish juice!

On the next visit, the doctor called the mother aside, and informed her that the wound was deliberately caused by her daughter in order to excite sympathy.

The lady declined to believe that her child was an imposter, and bade the doctor an indignant "good-day."

She returned a few weeks later, after a visit to a specialist, and apologized to the local practitioner.

Her daughter was suffering from one of those obscure mental diseases classed under the name of hysteria, and, in order to satisfy her craving for sympathy, had, time after time, pricked her arm and discolored the wound with Spanish juice.

CAGED WITH A TIGER.

BY D. K.

A LARGE traveling "wild-beast show" had just come into the English country town of Eastonleigh; and as it happened to be market-day, the proprietor expected to have plenty of customers.

But whether it was that the townspeople were too full of business that day to think of pleasure, or that they found better amusement elsewhere, the building was nothing like half full; and even the beasts themselves, seeming to feel that they had not an audience worthy of them, went through their performances with so little spirit that they were freely made fun of by the few spectators that were there.

All at once the tiger—a fine "royal Bengal," brought over from India a year before, which had been lying drowsily in one corner of its cage—sprang to its feet, and roared itself up against the bars with a roar that made the whole place echo, and the sight-seers jump back as if they had been shot.

What could be the matter?

Nobody could see anything to account for the beast's irritation—unless, indeed, it had taken offence at the appearance of a sturdy red-whiskered sailor, in a blue jacket and low-crowned hat, who had at that moment just strolled into the show to look about him.

The sailor looked toward the tiger's cage, eyed the terrible beast fixedly for a moment, and then, to the amazement and terror of all who saw it, went straight up to the monster (which uttered another and a louder roar as he approached), and thrusting his arm between the bars, clapped the tiger on the head as coolly as if he were petting a cat, calling out as he did so—

"Hollo, Billy, my old friend! how are you?"

Everyone shuddered, expecting to see the outstretched arm torn off at one snap by those tremendous jaws; but instead of that the tiger rubbed its great yellow head caressingly against Jack's brawny hand, and uttered a loud purr of satisfaction that sounded like the winding up of a clock.

The news of this wonder flew from mouth to mouth, and certainly the owner of the show had no cause to complain of a slack attendance now, for in a trice the whole place was full to overflowing.

So, too, was the cash-taker's drawer, for many of the new-comers, in their eagerness to see what was going on, threw down silver instead of copper, and rushed in without waiting for their change.

Meanwhile the seaman, catching by the arm one of the keepers who happened to be close by, called out to him—

"Hark'ee, mate, just open Billy's cage, will yer? He's an old shipmate o' mine, and I wants to go in and have a yarn about old times with him."

The keeper looked puzzled—as well he might.

He knew how little the tiger was to be trusted, and had no wish to see this adventurous blue-jacket gobbled up before his very eyes.

Moreover, if he were to open the cage at all, it would be no easy matter to let the sailor in without at the same time letting the tiger out; and where would they all be then?

"D'ye really mean it?" asked he doubtfully.

"Mean it? O' course I mean it, you lubber!" cried Jack indignantly. "Come, look sharp! Don't you see he knows me again?"

The tiger gave another roar, as if he meant to say, "Yes, to be sure I do;" and the keeper only half re-assured, opened the cage with one hand, while he held all ready in the other the short iron bar with which he was accustomed to keep order among his grim pupils whenever they seemed to misbehave.

As the grating slid back, the crowd (which had pressed right up to the cage) slid back too with considerable haste, in case the tiger should take it into his head to make a dash through the opening, and snap up one or two of them by way of a light lunch.

But "Billy" was far too much occupied with his friend the sailor to take any notice of them.

Round and round the man he went a dozen times at least, rubbing his broad striped sides against him most affectionately; and then, rearing up on his hind feet, planted his two fore paws upon Jack's sturdy shoulders, while the sailor, taking off his low crowned hat, clapped it on the monster's head.

Such a queer figure did the tiger make with this trim little shiny hat cocked jauntily on one side of his huge flat skull that the whole throng of lookers-on burst into a roar of laughter.

But all this was nothing to what was coming.

"Billy," said the blue-jacket putting back the hat upon his own head, "let's see if you remember what I taught yer. Jump!"

He stretched out his right arm to its full length as he spoke, and with one bound the tiger leaped right over it, lightly as a feather, in spite of its huge size.

"Now back again, mate!" cried the sailor, and back went the obedient monster over the leap, as readily as a performing dog.

"Well, I'm a Dutchman if I could make him do better than that myself," said the admiring keeper. "In fact, I don't b'lieve I could manage it half so well. How did you ever l'arn him all them tricks, matey?"

"It was I that had the feeding of him aboard ship," answered the sailor, with a grin; "and he ain't forgot it, neither—have yer, Billy, my boy?"

The tiger replied with a friendly growl, as much as to say, "Not a bit of it."

"Now, Billy," shouted the seaman, clapping his hands sharply together, "sit down."

Instantly the mighty beast lay crouching like a cat on the floor of the cage; and then the sailor sat down beside it, with his back propped against its gaunt muscular body, and one hand laid carelessly upon the terrible fore paw that could have knocked out his brains with one pat.

Then Jack struck up "Rule Britannia," and the tiger beat time on the floor with his paws, with a force that made the whole cage tremble; and as the sailor rolled out with the full power of his voice,

"Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves,'

"Billy" joined in the chorus with such a roar that it set all the windows rattling.

But just as the seaman was proceeding to exhibit some more of his striped comrade's accomplishments, and the delight of the watching crowd was at its highest, Jack happened to catch a glimpse of the church clock through the nearest window.

"Hello!" cried he, starting up; "it's later than I thought; and if I'm goin' to catch the afternoon train to Portsmouth I haven't got much time to spare. Good-bye, Billy, my hearty! the best of friends must part, you know."

But apparently the tiger was not of the same opinion, for he evidently had no intention of parting with his friend just yet.

When the sailor rose to go the beast kept so close to him that the keeper, who stood ready to open the grate, was forced to shut it again, for fear of letting out the brute as well as the man.

Three times did Jack attempt to slip out, and three times did the tiger catch him gently by the jacket with its enormous teeth, and draw him quietly back again.

"Well, this is a queer fix to be in!" cried the seaman, half vexed and half laughing. "I came for a friendly call, but I didn't bargain for being axed to stay altogether!"

The keeper, however, began to look grave, for he saw that the tiger was getting angry, and that a few minutes more might cost the reckless sailor his life.

But just then a bright idea struck him. Fetching a large piece of raw meat, he flung it into the inner cage, which formed a kind of back-room to the larger one.

The tiger pounced upon it at once, and instantly the wary keeper closed the inner door upon him, making him secure, while friend Jack, seeing the coast clear, lost no time in making good his escape.

PUT THE CHILDREN TO BED.—Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any time but bed time for that.

If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing.

The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both.

Let them then at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrows or troubles can rob them.

Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake our meaning.

If you have ever met the man or the woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home Dignity and Severity stood where Love and Pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love, not one.

A MEMORY.

BY ALEXANDER GRANT.

When thy burdened spirit fails,
  Worn with grief and weary days,
And the purple distance sails
  In the fading saffron haze,

Droop thy fringed lids, nor sigh,
  Should the gathering tears o'erflow;
Sing again the song that I
  Sang to thee, long, long ago.

Let thy snowy fingers stray
  In among the ivory keys,
While the twilight sinks to gray,
  And upwells the sweet night-breeze—

They will find the dear old strain,
  Woo'd from out the trembling strings;
They will find it, not in vain,
  If thy spirit with them sings!

And though day be overcast,
  Starlight glimmers on the sea,
While through darkness, dawn, at last,
  Brighter days for you and me!

DISORDERS OF SPEECH.

The field of medical science, studded as it is with strange sights, exhibits nothing more curious than certain disorders of speech found in connection with brain disease.

We refer to cases where there is almost unimpaired capacity for forming ideas, and also of pronouncing words, but with a strange inability to fit the word to the idea.

To medical authorities this peculiarity is known as Aphasia, and it presents many features of great interest.

Thus, a conversation like the following may be carried on with an aphasic patient.

Holding up a pen, the questioner asks, "What is this?"

The eyes of the patient shows intelligence, his lips move spasmodically, but the required word will not come.

"Is it a sword?" asks the questioner.

The patient makes a gueasture of impatience and contempt, clearly replying that the question is ridiculously wide of the mark.

"Is it a pencil?" asks the questioner again.

The patient still shakes his head, but his look implies that his guess is much nearer the truth than the former one.

"Is it a pen?" is then asked.

"Yes—a pen," answers the patient readily and with evident relief.

A moment afterwards the questioner again holds up the same object and demands its name; but the patient is dumb as at first.

He has just pronounced the word "pen;" his whole demeanor shows clearly that he understands what it is, but by some inscrutable impediment he is hindered from connecting the idea with the word.

Some link has dropped out of the mysterious chain which connects the thought formed in the brain with its articulate expression in speech.

Sometimes the tendency of the aphasic patient is to substitute for the correct word others resembling them either in sense or sound.

"Give me my little chapel," said an aphasic patient once, when demanding the prayer book.

"Are those the pipes for laying on the light?" was the mode of another's inquiry bout the gas:

"My friend has become a Plymouth brother," was what an aphastic once intended to say. What he did say was: "My friend has become a Yarmouth Bloater!"

In the two former cases the analogy in sense, in the last, the similarity in sound, explains the curious confusion.

An aphasic patient is sometimes in the position of a talking parrot, and possesses some half-dozen phrases which he employs inaccurately, and perhaps indifferently. To every question he may answer: "Good morning," "Quite ready," "Can't afford it," "List complete"—just as the parrot says "Pretty Poll."

Sometimes he is limited to a few monosyllables, such as "Yes," "No," "Nurse," yet repeats the alphabet quite correctly, and may even say the Lord's Prayer without a slip.

The explanation of this curious anomaly is that these last have become from long usage perfectly automatic, and are therefore readily repeated without conscious effort.

Sometimes an aphasic who has not spoken an articulate word for weeks will cry out quite intelligibly, under the influence of fear or surprise, just as an hysterical paralytic who had not moved a limb for many a day has been known to leap out of bed on hearing a cry of "Fire!"

Occasionally, a patient who has lost all power of voluntary conversation can nevertheless read fluently and correctly from printed matter.

The case is on record of an aphasic who kept a slate on which he wrote down all common words and phrases which he was likely to need.

When addressed, he referred to his slate, and if the vocabulary necessary for giving a correct answer was found written there, he replied readily and correctly, but was totally incapable of employing a single word which was not included upon his list.

Here the explanation seemed to be that the sense of sight helped the nervous impulses which were too weak to originate speech without this extraneous aid.

A parallel to this curious condition is afforded by some patients who, on being asked to put out their tongue, are unable to do so, although their efforts show that they understand perfectly what is wanted.

But if the doctor now puts out his tongue and repeats his command, they obey with perfect ease and readiness. Thus the language of gesture gives the stimulus which articulate speech has lost the power of affording.

Writing is usually more or less interfered with in the aphasic patient, and generally the degree of interference bears more proportion to the damage to speech.

The aphasic may have lost entirely the power of writing, and make nothing but unmeaning strokes.

He may form letters correctly, but be unable to group them into words. He may write down correctly his name and his residence; but there his capacity may end.

He may write short monosyllables, but fail in attempting longer words. He may write single words correctly, but be unable to group them into sentences.

Lastly, he may copy long passages from print with perfect correctness, and yet be totally unable to write a single word if the printed matter be withdrawn.

A patient in this last condition may spell and pronounce correctly, yet be incapable of writing a single letter unless written or printed matter be placed before him, when he copies with ease and accuracy.

Enough has been said to show the variety of symtoms present in aphasia and their truly marvellous character.

The human body, like a complex and delicate instrument out of tune, may give rise to strange phenomena under the disturbing influence of disease, but none stranger or more impressive than those under consideration

In some of these cases it has been found possible to teach the use of language again, and the man of forty or fifty goes back to his elementary spelling book and laboriously reacquires the language which he learnt at his mother's knee.

Grains of Gold.

Ill gotten goods seldom prosper.

Only so much do I know as I have lived.

It is good to begin well, but better to end well.

Inconstancy is the attendant of a weak mind.

In vain he craves advice that will not follow it.

It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

That man is the richest whose pleasures are cheapest.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

He that is discontented in one place will seldom be happy in another.

Cultivate not only the cornfields of your mind but the pleasure grounds also.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

Into the composition of every happiness enters the thought of having deserved it.

If your mind is not upon your work, you cannot expect to accomplish it with any degree of satisfaction to others or credit to yourself.

Habits of neatness are partly natural and partly acquired. It should be the aim of every father and mother to teach neatness to their children and insist upon it.

Femininities.

Artificial honey—Kisses sent by mail.

The Queen of Siam wears one and one-half inch boots.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink-stains from white cloth.

The maiden's lover is always a man after her own heart.

Women are too imaginative and sensitive to have much logic.

Sailor maidens are now wearing a scarf-pin in the shape of a Neptune's trident.

What is it that ladies are always getting which they do not want?—Why, getting old!

Gasket: "Yes, sir, I'm a self-made man." Smothered voice: "Then you cheated yourself."

Camphor is offensive to mice, and will keep them away from where it is scattered about.

The School of Medicine of Boston University has graduated 478 physicians. Nearly one-half of these are women.

True religion is the poetry of the heart; it has enchantments useful to our manners; it gives us both happiness and virtue.

The Empress of Austria has been drowning her great grief in the study of Greek, in which she has made admirable progress.

The beautiful polish of which copper is susceptible may be preserved by varnishing with shellac while the metal is warm and quite free from grease.

Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless,—nay, the speech they have resolved not to make.

The Duchess of Fife, the recently married daughter of the Prince of Wales, can't squeeze her foot into anything less than a 3½ shoe. More frequently it is a full-fledged 4.

The oldest banker in the country is Deborah Powers, senior partner in the bank of D. Powers & Sons, Lansingburg, N. Y. She is 90 years old, and shrewd enough to be a thousand.

The ex Empress Eugenie is about 70 years of age, but those who have seen her recently say that there is still the old fascination in her manner, and the same girlish grace about her slender figure.

Mrs Passee, to her maid: "How is the weather to-day, Marie?" Maid: "Fresh and windy, madam." "Very well; you will please put a healthy flush on my cheeks this morning. I am going out."

A woman's proper figure on the modern plan is said by the English authorities to be of 22 inches about the waist and 30 about the bust. There is a Mrs. McDonald in England, though, who has a waist of 16 and a bust of 38.

"No, Mr. Jones, I cannot be your wife." "But you'll be a sister to me. Promise me that." "It is unnecessary. Your brother proposed to me last week and I promised to be his sister. I have been your sister for a week."

Princess Louise's evening gloves are all kid, twelve buttons, and her morning gloves are eight-button suede. Kid gloves are always worn by the women of the royal family, while the other women of the court wear suede.

English society is making an attempt to introduce a new dance, on this plan: Four paces are made as though a march were intended, and then each gentleman embraces his lady and waltzes with her for four bars, then resuming pacing. Repeat.

Ada: "So you have been to see your husband's folks, have you, Lulu? And how did you like his mother?" Lulu: "Oh! ever so much, Ada; she made me feel so much at home. Why, in less than 24 hours after I arrived there she had me in the kitchen wiping dishes."

Three sisters, all under 15 years of age, in Missouri, weigh together 325 pounds. Lydia, 13 years old, is the heaviest, tipping the beam at 123 pounds. Two of the trio have six fingers on each hand and the same number of toes on each foot. Their parents are of ordinary size.

The cleanest and most perfectly polished hardwood floors have no water used on them. They are simply rubbed every morning with a large flannel cloth which is occasionally dipped in paraffine oil. The flour is rubbed with the grain of the wood, not across it. This is better than waxing.

Mrs Maria M Dean is a homœopathic physician who took an office in Helena, Montana, three years ago. Her income last year was in the neighborhood of $12,000. She is a graduate of Wisconsin University and from a Boston medical school, and also studied medicine in Berlin. She is 39 years old.

A young woman was observed in a street car the other day on her way to a circulating library after having devoured three novels—"A Lost Wife," "A Jealous Husband" and "Were They Married?"—a combination, judging from the titles, calculated to produce both mental and moral dyspepsia.

Bobby, who has been sitting patiently half an hour: "Mr. Boomer, I wish you would pop the question to Belle." Bella: "Robert, you naughty boy, what possessed you to make such a preposterous remark?" Bobby, suitably: "Well, anyway, ma said if he did you'd jump at the chance, and I want to see you jump."

Mrs. Wallace, of Summerville, Ohio, was cutting up an old dress that belonged to her mother, who died a couple of years ago, when the scissors came upon something hard. Upon examination it was found to be a $20 bill folded and sewed in a hem. Mrs. Wallace is not in the best of circumstances and the find was a very timely one.

When it is remembered that the girl who cares for her looks takes a bath every night before going to bed, washes her teeth, brushes her back hair for 15 minutes, braids it in a long braid, puts up a dozen front and back frizzes, puts cold cream on her face, glycerine and oil gloves on her hands, ammonia on her chigger bites, and says her prayers, the wonder grows that girls ever go to bed at all.

Masculinities.

How much sooner it gets too dark to saw wood than it does to play lawn tennis.

Some men are born poor, others achieve poverty, and others thrust poverty upon other people.

It is sad so think how few our pleasures really are, and for the which we foolishly risk eternal good.

Sometimes men do not realize that they are lucky until years after they have had their good luck.

A Western man recently married a widow because she took such good care of her first husband's grave.

When a young man proposes and is accepted, he rings the girl's hand. If he is rejected, he wrings his own hands.

The truth about some men is never known until after they are dead, and you can't find it then upon their monuments.

You can get into a woman's good graces easier by pleasing her baby than by flattering herself. Mother pride is stronger than female vanity.

Wise father, to married son: "You are living very comfortably, I see; but are you saving any money?" Wise son, whispering: "Yes; but don't tell my wife."

Father: "What makes you so extravagant with my money?" Son: "Because I didn't think you would like to spend it yourself after working so hard for it."

Young man: "You are older than I am, and I want to ask you a question. Does a woman always mean what she says?" Old man: "Always—that is, if she's married!"

Accepted suitor: "Won't you find it awkward when you meet your other two husbands in heaven?" Interesting widow: "I don't expect to meet either of them there."

The death of William Scott, the oldest employee of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, the London publishers, is announced. His name had been on their pay-roll for 81 years.

"Ku ta mo ning sha hau-to-lu-to" is from a new Chinese phrase-book; but it isn't Chinese; it is English. It is the way the Chinese are taught to say "Good morning, sir; how do you do?"

Judge Hilton was a clerk in a law firm, and was picked out by A. T. Stewart as his legal adviser. Now he is estimated to possess $20,000,000 in personality, and Stewart's widow is brought in as his debtor at her death.

"The bridesmaids wore handsome breeches, the gift of the bridegroom." Do not be shocked; the compositor could hardly have recovered from his annual picnic when he made this sad blunder about the bridal breeches.

Neighbor: "Bertie, your mother is calling you!" Bertie: "Yes'm, I know it; but I fancy she don't want me very bad." Neighbor: "She has called you seven times already." Bertie: "Yes, I know; but she hasn't called 'Albert' yet."

An amusing story is told of a young preacher in Texas, who astonished his audience by announcing as a text "St. Charles iii, 7." The slip of the tongue was understood soon after when he was married to a young lady in St. Charles, La.

Dr. Grimshaw: "Don't you know, young man, that it's very injurious to blow cigarette smoke down your nose in that way?" Mr. De Addle: "Is it? I know its vewy disagweeable, and I hate to do it, but all the other fellows do it, doncher know!"

The well-known detection of a crime, in "Diplomacy," through the perfume of a woman's glove, was reproduced by a recent occurrence in Paris. A man who found his room robbed of all his jewelry perceived a peculiar perfume, and a few days later noticed it again when passing two well-dressed women in the street. They were arrested and found to be the thieves.

Jenkins, walking up the front garden: "What on earth" (reads "No Admittance Except on Business")—what on earth, Mr. Parker, have you got that stuck on your front door for?" Parker: "Why, so many ornamental fellows call on my daughters they are in one another's way, and as the girls don't go off I must do something to reduce the surplus. Coming in? No? Well, ta ta!"

An old Roman, much to the surprise of his friends, sought to divorce his wife, with whom it was always supposed that he had lived very happily. He was blamed for taking this step, and in reply put out his foot and asked if his shoe were not new and well made. "Yes," said he, "none of you can tell where it pinches." From this incident is said to have come the old saying "where the shoe pinches."

Ferdinand Guzman, the most famous bandit in Spain, is a dwarf, who at one time kept a small store in Granada. He became angered at some action taken by the authorities and took to the mountains. He is hideously ugly in appearance and utterly unscrupulous. The romantic chivalry attributed to Spanish bandits does not apply to him at all. He has gathered about him a crew of the worst cutthroats in Europe and over them he reigns supreme.

Eben S Allen, late President of the Green Line Street Car Corporation, New York, who hypothecated $200,000 worth of forged stock of the corporation, now traces his downfall to his wife, whom he adored. His wife was extravagant. She wished to shine in society. For her sake the husband committed a crime which will cause him to end his days in prison. Let extravagant wives who are pushing their loving husbands to the verge of bankruptcy pause and reflect.

Young wife: "You are not going out to-night, are you?" Husband. "Yes, my dear; I must go back to the office and post my books. I'm afraid I'll be kept late." "Not going anywhere except to the office?" "No-o." "Well, then, step into Strong Smell & Co.'s around the corner from your office, on the way down. They'll be open until 9 o'clock. Get a couple of mackeral, and bring them home with you when you come." "Ye-es, my dear. Good night." Young wife, to herself, as her husband departs: "He won't do much theatre-going with those mackerel in his pocket."

Recent Book Issues.

"A Serenade" by G. A. Hammond, comprises some excellent poetry. The leading features are "The Golden Circle," "The Resurrections Trine" and "Bertha." They all show fine poetic susceptibility and feeling, combined with forceful lessons of truth and wisdom. Without pretending too much, the gifted author shows himself not only a keen observer but a tasteful word-painter. Published at Kingsclear, N. B. Canada.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The complete novel in the September number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is a bright and entertaining romance entitled "Solarion," by Edgar Fawcett, whose portrait forms the frontispiece. George W. Childs gives the last of his very interesting series of "Recollections." A timely article is contributed by Charles Chauncey Binney upon "The Australian Ballot System." "The Pine and the Palm," by Wm. S. Walsh, is a very clever story. Julian Magnus discourses in an interesting fashion upon "How Plays are Made." Miss Annie H. Wharton writes about "The Log College and Early Presbyterianism in Pennsylvania." Charles Morris answers the article on "Evolution," by Dr. Bonnell, which appeared in the August number. "Bride Catching" gives an account of some curious marital customs among various tribes. The department of "Our One Hundred Questions," which closes with this number presents much curious and varied information. There are other prose contributions and three poems.

A good deal may be learned about Chinese girls from the article which opens *The Quiver* for September. The author of "How to be Happy, Though Married," has a paper in this number on "Right and Wrong Ambition," which is followed by "What is Myrrh?" a question that is answered by the author of the article. "The Art of Self Defence," which follows, does not relate to the manly art, but to that of Christians. "Home Nursing" is the title of a valuable little paper, and is followed by a sketch, with pen and pencil, of "A Quaker Mission in Madagascar." "Children of Light" is a paper of Sunday reading especially; "Living Peaceably" is not of quite so theological a nature; nor is "A Glimpse of Some Sightless Folk" of that class at all. "Slaughters in Italy," by Prof. W. G. Blaikie, is the fifth chapter in the new book of martyrs. Stories and poems, and a big bundle of "short arrows" bring the number to a close. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

An etching by that famous French etcher, P. Le Rat, forms the frontispiece of the September number of the *Magazine of Art*. The etching is of a painting, "In the Chimney Corner," by Adolph Mentzel. "The Barbizon School," a series of unusually interesting papers, is continued and opens the magazine. Mortimer Menpes, a popular English artist, contributes a paper on the "Painting of Etchings," which is accompanied by a chalk drawing of himself. "High Street, Oxford, and Brazenose College" will interest all. A capital engraving by Bolleau of a painting by A. T. Ribot of an old woman making up accounts is honored with a full page of the magazine. The exhibition of the Humorists in Art is discussed and illustrated. There is no more valuable article in the number than that of Charles de Kay on the late Geo. Fuller, a painter who stands high in American art. Excellent examples of Mr. Fuller's work are given. "Painters' Weather" is described by W. W. Fenn. "Pictures of Jewish Life," and copious notes bring the number to an end. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

THE NEWEST GAME.—The newest game takes the form of an information party, and is begun by passing to each gentleman a card and to the ladies small pieces of paper, which should be numbered.

Those who discover the same number on their card and paper are partners for the game.

Each couple must think of a question, sensible or ridiculous, historical or in regard to the weather, to be written on the cards, after which the cards are to be gathered together, and the leader reads each in turn, giving a few moments for the partners to consider the subject and write the answer, which should be read aloud in turn.

This is where the fun of the game begins as many of the answers are exceedingly queer. Those having a correct answer mark their card 10, a wrong answer 0, and if the answer is anywhere near right it is granted 5.

When all are added prizes may be distributed as in progressive games for the best and poorest record. The instructive part of the game is the discussion which follows the questions.

MRS. FOGG.—"The trouble with you men is that you won't hear to reason. If you would be guided by your wife, now, you'd get along a good deal better." Fogg—"You, forget, my dear, that Adam was guided by his wife. And see what a fix it got him in!"

CHILDREN'S LIVES ARE MADE MISERABLE by the irritation and distress caused by Worms. As these pests sap their vitality and retard their healthy growth, they should be treated at once with Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. This remedy destroys the Worms, cleanses the intestines of their nests, and acts as a General Tonic for both the young and old, thus materially aiding in building up the strength.

QUEER FREAKS OF MEMORY.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, in his "Obscure Diseases of the Brain," recounts some most remarkable instances of the loss of memory—instances which one would be shy of swallowing, even with a large amount of salt, were it not for the fact that they come well authenticated from so eminent a specialist as Dr. Winslow.

Many of the cases of lapsus memoriæ of which he speaks were the consequence of some illness.

One of his patients, subject to paralytic seizures, always knew when his attack was coming on by absolutely forgetting his own Christian name; and if asked to sign a letter during this period, invariably used his surname only.

On the contrary, another patient, troubled with epileptic fits, forgot his surname prior to the seizure; while a third, a French miner, whose case had baffled all the doctors of his own country, could not say mon pere or ma mere, but only je and me.

A lady, after illness, lost all recollection of her name, and never could be brought to pronounce it unless she saw it in writing.

Similarly, a man forgot the names of his children, while another forgot his own and his wife's name in addition.

There was a gentleman of rank (says Dr. Winslow) who frequently, when out walking, forgot his name or address, and was in the habit of stopping passengers in the street and accosting them with, "I am Sir So-and-So. Where do I live?" or, "I live at such an address (mentioning it). Who am I?"

We may match with this the story told by Abernethy of a patient of his who knew his friends perfectly, but could not name them. He was walking in the street one day when he met a friend to whom he was most anxious to communicate something concerning another friend. But he could not remember the other friend's name, and at last, frantic with his ineffectual efforts to make it understood who was the person meant, he seized his first friend by the arm, and dragged him through several streets to the residence of the other, and pointed to his name on the door.

Dr. Hertz speaks of a patient of his, an officer of artillery, who could not say anything spontaneously though he could read with great facility.

There is also the case of a man who forgot how to read, but retained the power of writing.

Boerhaave mentions the case of a Spanish dramatist, who, after an acute attack of fever, forgot all the languages he had learned, and would not be convinced that his own works were really his. In other respects his mind was not in the least impaired and he continued to write tragedies equal in power to his earlier efforts.

Loss of language is by no means rare. Wepfer had a patient who lost all knowledge of a language with which he had been familiar, after brain disease, consequent upon a fall from his house.

The recovery of a forgotten language after illness is less uncommon, and Winslow has several cases.

One is that of a Welshman who, during a forty years' residence in London, had forgotten his native language entirely. He was admitted to St. Thomas's hospital for injury to the head, and raved incessantly in Welsh, and when he was discharged, spoke that language fluently, and had forgotten all his English.

Another he records is the case of a German gentleman, who after a fall from his horse, recovered the knowledge of his native tongue, which he had not spoken before for twenty-five years.

Closely allied to these in their characterization are the instances, pretty numerous of born idiots coming into full possession of all their faculties after a lucky fall on the head.

CUNNING AND DISCRETION.—Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon; cunning is a kind of short-sightedness that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance.

Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Discretion is the perfection of reason and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of instinct that looks out only after our immediate interest and welfare.

Discretion is found only in men of strong sense and good understanding; cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them.

In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may be mistaken by weak men in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit and gravity for wisdom.

DUST ACCUMULATIONS IN HOUSES.—In a town-house we should deprecate all kinds of ornaments and mouldings which have much undercutting, and have many hollows in which dust and dirt will lodge.

Plaster cornices with large hollow mouldings soon become full of dirt, which is seldom removed because it is not noticed, and the hollows cannot be dusted out from below.

For a similar reason, the rich-looking embossed papers which are so much in favor now are not to be recommended for town-houses.

The flock ones are the worst—they are regular sponges for dust; but even the smooth-surface papers of this embossed class collect a great deal of dust in their crevices and on the upper sides of their relief ornaments, and are much more difficult to keep properly clean than a smooth paper.

Among the worst dust-traps in houses are the larger pieces of furniture, such as wardrobes and high book-cases, which are made with the old-fashioned sham cornice round the top, and a flat top several inches below the top of the cornice.

This valley on the top of such furniture is in general never cleaned or looked at; owing to its construction, it can neither be seen nor can the dust be brushed off it without turning the whole erection over on its side. It is a place that seems carefully made as a dirt-collector.

FOR THE EYES.—An automatic sight-testing machine has just been set up in London. Essentially, the apparatus consists of 22 pairs of lenses of varying convexity and concavity—all or any of which can, by turning a handle, be successively brought before the pair of eyes being tested.

It works in the following manner: You place the inevitable penny in the slot, and put one foot upon a pedal at the base. The apparatus forthwith become open at "perfect sight," and if, on looking through, you find that you can read the test type at the back with ease, you may justly conclude that you do not need spectacles.

If, however, you are far-sighted, you can, by turning a handle at the side, bring a series of lenses carefully graduated in convexity, before your eyes, until you get the power required.

Turning the handle in the other direction brings forward a series of concave lenses suitable to those who have myopia, or short sight. When suited you lift your foot off the pedal and the machine closes again. You can now obtain a register of the power of your sight, which will be found printed upon a small card, which you take from a drawer.

More than this, you can there and then write an order for a pair of spectacles upon the card and drop it into a receptacle for the purpose.

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Humorous.

VACATION.

"Good-bye, dear dollars mine, good-bye,
'Tis time that we should part;
Vacation dawns, and now must I
For recreation start."

So sang a youth, and sped away;
Soon by the sounding sea
His dollars dwindled day by day
While he lived merrily.

Amid the breakers white he rolled,
All careless of Old Sol;
And many a tale of love he told
Beneath a parasol.

Flirtation? Yes, a little—or
Ice cream and opera airs
Upon the pier—then still some more
Flirtation on the stairs.]

Result—a scarlet face and nose—
The holidays all spent—
Tin types of Lou and likewise Rose—
Heart gone—and not a cent.

Nevertheless—The lion's share.

A blow in the dark—A curtain lecture.

Never buy a loud cigar if you wish to enjoy a quiet smoke.

A bootless attempt—To get upstairs without being heard by your wife.

Poverty is a cure for dyspepsia. Most of take the medicine in advance.

Bad habits keep people from attending church; in other words, poor clothes.

The man with a boil on his neck never borrows trouble. He has enough of it.

Strange is slang. It is just when you "get on" to a thing that you "tumble."

Somebody says that in the other world we will follow the occupations we follow here. But where will the iceman get his ice?

Picked up by the seashore: "No, I don't like sea-bathing. It makes my hair so wet." "Why don't you leave it in the dressing-room?"

"That dog of mine," said Chatterly, proudly, "knows as much as I do!" And Barker Carper muttered, "What a blessing he's muzzled!"

Young housewife to husband who says he knows how to cook: "How long do you broil a chicken, Edwin?" Husband: "Oh—er—how long is the chicken?"

Aged friend: "You are always talking about your family tree." Youth. "Yes, of course." "Well, I wouldn't if I were you." "And why not?" "Too shady."

Tommy: "Pop, what's a philanthropist?" Mr. Gill: "A philanthropist, my son, is a man who would rather supply a dozen men with a collar apiece than give one man a shirt."

"You s-say you c-c-can tell a f-f-feller how to av-v-oid stut-stut-stuttering f-for wo-wone d-dollar. W-well, h-h-here's your d-d-dollar. How c-c-can I av-v-oid stut-tut-tering?" "Dear boy, don't talk."

"Johnny is an awful bad boy," said Mrs. Brown; "he hasn't sat still a moment this whole blessed day." "If I was his mother," returned Mrs. Slipper, "he wouldn't sit still for a whole month."

"You say that cognac is the best remedy for colic? But I find it just the other way. My husband used to be troubled very seldom, but since I have kept cognac in the house he complains of colic almost every day."

Summer boarder: "Your catalogue said there were no mosquitoes hereabout, Mr. Makemoney, but I killed seven last night." Makemoney. "Yes, sir; no doubt, sir. But them there catalogues were sent out in March."

"Did everything go off pleasantly at school to-day, Johnny?" "Yes, mom, but some bad boys persuaded me to play truant." "You mean they tried to persuade you, Johnny; if they had persuaded you, you would have gone off with them." "That's what I did."

"You never loved me, John!" sobbed Mrs. Billus, hysterically. "Maria," exclaimed Mr. Billus, earnestly, "you are mistaken! If you will look back over the family expense account you will find that it cost us $27.50 for repairing rocking-chairs during the first three years of our married life."

Visitor: "Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school?" Tommy, aged 5: "First rate. I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the fence. I want to do it without being near the fence at all, and I can after I've been to school long enough."

A teacher was giving an object lesson on the word "transparent." She told the children that water and glass were transparent because one could see through them, and then asked them to name something else that is transparent. One little fellow raised his hand in great ecstacy. The teacher said, "Well, what is it?" "A hole!" shouted the boy.

"What? Do you mean to say Mrs. De Sweet has resigned from the Women's Rights Society, and says she has all the rights she wants?" "Just so." "Mercy me! What has happened?" "I'm sure I don't know. Johnny, have you seen Mrs. De Sweet lately?" "No, ma'am; but as I was passin' her house this mornin' I saw a furniture wagon stop and unload a cradle."

Lecturer on phrenology, cautiously to man selected by audience for free examination: "Married, I presume?" Man: "Yes." Lecturer, with confidence: "Many of the protuberances, ladies and gentlemen, which we find upon the heads of persons in various walks of life may be passed by as having no phrenological significance, as in the case of the gentleman whom I am now," etc.

How to Stop a Runaway Horse.—A policeman, who has distinguished himself in stopping runaway horses, gives the following points as to how to accomplish that end with the greatest success:

When you see a runaway coming do not try to check him by a rush from the opposite direction or the side, or you will be immediately knocked flat by the force of the collision; but, instead, prepare yourself for a short run with the horse.

Measure with your eye the distance, start for the run while he is yet some way off, perhaps 10 feet, in the case of fair to medium runaways.

You may depend upon his keeping a straight line, for a really frightened horse is half blind and would not veer for a steam engine. He will go straight ahead until he smashes into something.

So do not get close to the line on which he is rushing, and as he passes you grab the reins near the saddle. Gather the reins firmly, and then, leaning backwards as you run, give them a powerful yank.

You may be able to brace yourself somewhat as you give this jerk, half sliding on your feet. The strong jerk on the bit tells the horse that he again has a master, and prepares him for the final struggle. A step or two forward after the first yank, do it again. This is the finishing stroke. It never fails when given by a determined man. Keep a firm pull on the reins till you grasp the horse by the nostrils, and hold him so till he is pacified.

The Robin.—There is a widely spread belief among schoolboys in many parts of the country that it is unlucky to kill a robin, and it is generally supposed that a broken limb would be the probable punishment for so doing.

Even the nest of this bird is comparatively safe, though why it should be thus favored is not clear, unless as has been suggested by some writers, it owes its popularity to the story of the "Babes in the Wood," which ballad, perhaps, may also have given rise to the popular notion that the robin will cover with leaves or moss any dead person whom it may chance to find. There certainly, however, seems to be no substantial reason why he should be more favored than the other members of the feathered tribe, for, after all, he is a very pugnacious and impudent little fellow; but perhaps these are the qualities which have brought him into notice and made him popular.

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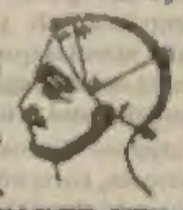

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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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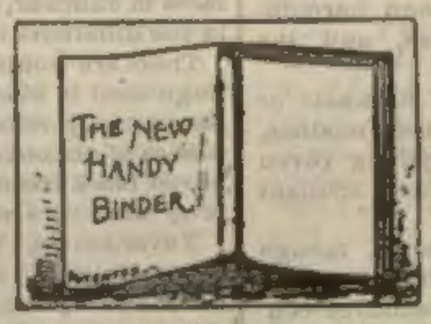

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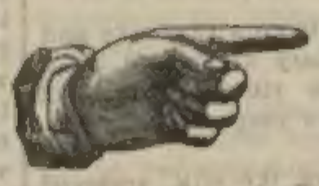

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Never was the art of clothing the female form so thoroughly studied, and so brilliantly carried out, as in the present day.

That extreme luxury in dress is an important factor in the deterioration of women's minds and morals is a fact well borne out by history, since in every age the best dressers have been the worst men and women; but the line that divides mere wanton extravagance from the taste that is but an attractive form of self-respect, is so firmly and sharply drawn, that the two classes of dressers are not likely to be for a moment confounded.

Numbers of women, married to rich men, wear their magnificent clothes as a right, and we look on approvingly; we envy a little, we admire more, but we feel that all is as it should be, and appreciate the husband's pride in seeing his wife "go beautifully."

Probably every man worth his salt likes to see his wife well appointed and not ashamed to speak with her (female) enemy in the gate; but there are many who would have to forego this privilege if their wives did not cultivate that sense of the artistic of which the outcome and fruit is "taste."

"Taste," it is said, "is the mind's tact," and assuredly the mind, even more than the eye, must be brought to bear on the subject of what suits a woman, what she can afford, and what will blend harmoniously with her surroundings, and the character of her house.

We do not speak of those fortunate or reckless ones, who say to their modiste, "Dress me," and leave everything (even the color) to be decided by those brilliant artistes.

They have no occasion to think, though perchance the knowledge that they had originated some strikingly beautiful conception, might assist them to wear it with a greater pride and dignity.

Granted, then, that a woman has taste, she must also be possessed of a fairly liberal amount of pin-money if she aspires to be a well-dressed individual, for of all the snares and pitfalls to be avoided and abhorred, cheap materials (no matter how pretty) must rank first.

Let trimmings go by the board if you cannot afford them to be in keeping with the stuff of which your mantles or gowns are to be made.

Buy your material first—the best of its kind—and let the etceteras take care of themselves.

To make up a cheap dress costs as much as the fashioning of a good one; only, in the one case there is much after-bitterness of spirit; in the other an inward content, that waxes stronger when the "good" garment outlasts half-a-dozen of a sister's cheaper fineries.

"The more you dress a Frenchwoman the better she is, and the less you dress the average woman the better she is," is an old saying (slightly altered); and well-built women will do well to remember this when they seek to cover themselves with ribbons, braids and gimps, that serve only to litter away the figure, and are absolute death to the clear, fine outlines that should be followed with the greatest exactitude.

Dress an average woman in a close fitting serge or quite neutral tinted tweed; give her a spotless linen collar, and cuffs to match; take away the chains and gewgaws, and tell us if she ever looked better, unless indeed it were in a pink cotton cambric, on a summer's morning, with a rose at her throat instead of a brooch.

Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity—a costly simplicity if you will—but let every dress be one-ideaed, and let no unnecessary or extraneous trifles be introduced into it.

And after simplicity, or rather as a consequence of it, comes Freshness, that most desirable quality, which to a woman's clothes is much the same as a fair, healthy skin is to her face; so that to say of a woman "She always looks so fresh," is to pay the highest of all compliments to herself and her milliner.

To be simple, then (as richly as you please), to be fresh at every point, these are two long steps towards good dressing, but the third is a little longer, and infinitely harder to take—it is to dress suitably, not only to your station and age, but to your appearance, your character and your house.

Take your complexion first. Are you fair, with blue eyes? Then you can wear every shade of blue, from azure down to violet; but if you have gray, green or brown eyes, you will only create a discordancy if you suffer a morsel of blue near.

On the other hand, a perfectly fair, green-eyed woman adds weirdness and charm to her fairness when she arrays herself in all the paler shades of green, and she reigns triumphant in the knowledge that not even the clearest-skinned brune dares to emulate her.

For brunes, scarlet and amber, white and orange, though if there be the smallest tint of yellow in the skin, orange may be only ventured at night.

Some women who might come under the heading of blondes, stand vivid yellows and oranges well; still there must be a certain amount of color in the face, and a skin transparently fair.

But up to the age of forty, and frequently beyond it, the typical healthy, fresh-looking woman is at her very best in white, as often (oddly enough, judging by the law of contrast) she is at her worst in black.

Give her a white morning wrapper, or a cotton dress, or even a white muslin bib to her dark dress, and she looks shades fairer, and more rosy than in an unrelieved winter gown.

Many a woman sitting up in her white bed, with only white cambric and embroidery about her, will strike one as a sweetly pretty creature, who in dark clothes would never arrest our attention.

It may be taken as a safe axiom, that the nearer colors approach to white, the more becoming they are to the wearer, and that the reason why we see so many pretty faces in summer, and so few in winter, lies in the difference of dress.

There are women who look well and distinguished in black, and black only, but they usually relieve their darkness with flashes of diamonds, and a wholly unrelieved black costume can only be successfully worn by a very lovely person.

Nevertheless, black for the streets, when walking, should be the rule and not the exception, with any well-dressed woman.

We are assured that the Empire style of dress is to continue to carry all before it. Women cling to their under-petticoats, and petticoats beneath an Empire gown is an impossibility.

The sarcastic inventory of a lady's trousseau at the end of the last century as consisting of an unlimited number of head-dresses, of as many pairs of sandals, double that amount of dresses, and twelve chemises was not so ridiculous as might be supposed.

Mme. Recamier and her friends used to damp their robes that they might fall more closely to their shapes; but perhaps rheumatism was not then, as now, the fashionable complaint of the day, and the atmosphere of Paris was possibly drier than elsewhere.

Washing silk is trimmed with moire and lined with under flounces of double sanitary crepe. The newest make of skirt for three-quarter lengths is arranged in kilts.

The hats are made to go with cloaks and frocks, made in sanitary crepe and trimmed with brocatelle ribbon. Some of the best shapes have loops of cord outside.

Others are made of the silk sprigged cashmere, and many have high bows upstanding on the crown. A new hat is made entirely of guipure, gauged and trimmed with watered ribbon.

The orchid crown is new, with the flower faithfully carried out. Any shape can be had in that most useful material, garni, which looks like a foulard ribbon with a satin edge, and can be had in all colors.

Gainsborough hats in this material are of the seal-brown, gray, holland and red tones. Percale, pique and organdie muslin are used alike for bonnets and hats, and are often embroidered.

A cloth mantle for children is made with a yoke, the skirt portion gathered to it and pinked all round.

Odds and Ends.

SOME GREEK RECIPES.

Red Mullet.—Flour and salt the mullet, and fry crispy in oil. To the same oil add an equal quantity of vinegar, a little chopped rosemary, a sprinkling of flour, and some garlic if agreeable. Boil up, and when cold pour over the mullet.

Fillets of Sole a la Cafe Riche.—Take some fillets of soles; boil the bones, and add 1oz. of flour and 2oz. of butter to the liquor, with the beaten yolk of an egg. To make the fillet pink add some lobster spawn pounded with butter in a mortar. Spread the mixture on each fillet; boil very gently, dish up, and pour sauce over, to which some cut oysters and fine shreds of lobster have been added.

Meat Prepared for Artichoke Entrees.—Take 1lb. of steak and ¼lb. of suet, put ¼lb. of butter in a stewpan with one cup of stock, and a small boiled onion from which the water has been pressed out; add the meat and suet, and simmer for three hours, stirring frequently. When quite dry and browned, turn on to a dish, and fill either artichokes or marrows with the mixture. The vegetables should be first boiled in stock with chopped tomatoes.

Kromeski Batter.—Stir lightly one-quarter of a pound of flour into a gill of warm water, with a tablespoonful of oil, a pinch of salt, and the well-whisked white of an egg.

Pilaff a la Morea (for two).—Put one cup of tomato sauce with half a pint of stock into a saucepan, and when boiling add a large cupful of rice. Boil rather fast for a quarter of an hour, and then add one-quarter of a pound of boiling oiled butter. Let it stand for three minutes, and dish up with either braised larks, green peas, or chicken livers.

Julien Sauce.—2oz. of butter, two shallots, one bayleaf four mushrooms, one sprig of thyme, four peppercorns, a small bunch of parsley, 1oz. of flour, one gill of white wine, and half a pint of stock. The liquid ingredients should first be allowed to boil, and the rest added by degrees, well chopped and shredded, and then the whole allowed to simmer gently by the fire.

Egg Sauce for Stuffed Artichokes, Marrows and other Entrees.—Allow the juice of two lemons to boil in a stewpan, and then add the yolks and whites of two eggs well whisked, and pour over the entrees.

Green Sauce.—Pound a plateful of well-washed parsley in a mortar, add a teacupful of soaked bread, eight boned anchovies, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and about half a pint of salad dressing by degrees.

Beignets Souffles.—Take a large cup of water and 1oz. of butter, boil, and add one large cup of flour, stirring well until it leaves the side of the saucepan, and add one by one four or five eggs, until the dough is perfectly smooth and firm; fill a baking sheet by dropping pieces from a tablespoon. Bake a quarter of an hour, open the pieces with a knife and fill in with compote.

Cases for Nougat.—Take the weight of two eggs in fine sugar, the weight of one in almonds, a very little flour, and mix with the yolks and whites of two eggs. Drop in small pieces on a baking sheet, bake about a quarter of an hour, shape like small sugar bags, and when cold fill with compote and whipped cream.

Apricot Cream.—Take a tin of preserved apricots, turn out the contents into a saucepan, add 2oz. of sugar, let them boil for a quarter of an hour, and pass them through a tammy. Dissolve 1oz. or seven sheets of the best gelatine in a little milk, whip to a froth a pint of cream. Mix the gelatine with the apricot pulp, then quickly work into it the cream, pour the mixture into a mould and put it on ice to set. When wanted, dip the mould in hot water and turn out the cream.

Pineapple Cream.—Take a tin of preserved pineapple, pound the contents in a mortar, add 6oz of sugar, and half a pint of water; boil for a quarter of an hour and pass it through a tammy, dissolve seven or eight sheets of the best gelatine in a little milk, whip to a froth one pint of cream, mix the gelatine with the pineapple pulp, then quickly work it into the cream. Pour the mixture into a mould, and put it on ice to set, and turn it out when wanted.

A White Soup.—Wash and soak ½lb. of pearl barley, drain it on a sieve, and then put it into a saucepan with one quart of white stock. Let it boil for two hours very gently, take out two handfuls of the barley and rub the rest through a sieve. Ten minutes before serving, the stock, after having been allowed to cool, should be boiled up, adding the yolks of three or four eggs, some cream, and a little butter. Stir gently until quite smooth.

A Vegetable Soup.—Wash thoroughly a lettuce, a handful of sorrel, cabbage and spinach, then shred into small pieces, and put over the fire, with 2oz. of butter, for at least ten minutes, turning over the vegetables with a fork the while. To this add one quart of hot stock, and simmer for one hour, only letting it boil up at the last. Then add four yolks of eggs, and return to the fire, taking care the soup does not boil after the eggs have been added. Stir in a pint of good cream, a piece of butter rolled in flour, and serve in a hot tureen.

Confidential Correspondents.

A.—An "altruist" is one who is careful of the interests of others.

UPTON.—A gentleman's visiting card should be smaller than a lady's. Any engraver will give you the proper size.

GREELEY.—A "parole" is a verbal promise, given by a soldier or prisoner of war, that he will not abuse the liberty granted to him.

MADGE.—"Hypnotism" means a condition resembling sleep, artificially produced by the magnetic effect of one mind upon another.

DAPHNE.—The dictionary definition of love is "an affection of the heart excited by that which delights or commands admiration."

SCAT.—The term Honorable has been applied to almost everybody who ever held any office, but such titles are not necessary nor authorized by law.

HARRIS.—Property in this State owned by and standing in the names of husband and wife can be occupied by either, without payment of rent: if rented, each is entitled to half of the rent.

J. M. B.—To ascertain how many cords there are in a pile of wood multiply the length by the height, and that by the width, and divide the product by 128. (2) Round timber when squared loses one-fifth.

UPSET.—The pronunciation of crematory is a disputed question, three different ways being sanctioned by as many authorities. However, you will be safe in using kre-ma-to-ri, with the accent on the first syllable.

SALEM, N.—A lady should not permit a gentleman to take her arm unless he is disabled or unable for good reasons so offer his to her. An invalid or an old person may lean upon a young lady's arm, but a young man never.

PLENTY.—When the Saracens threatened destruction to all Christian nations the Angelus bell began to be tolled at morning, noon and night, that all the faithful might unite in prayer to the Virgin Mary and invoke her blessing upon the Crusaders.

PATRIOTISM.—Great Britain is the greatest commercial power in the world. Her government has bent every energy to the advancement of commercial interests, and there seems to be a better understanding and closer union between her political and commercial affairs than in this or any other country.

GASLIGHT.—It is very injurious to your sight to be working in daytime by artifical light for such long hours. You should get the gas shaded in your part of the office. Bathe the eyes daily with cold water, and an infusion of cold tea, used as a lotion, will often strengthen weak eyes, but the glare of the burner is the root of evil.

SCRANTON.—The manufacture of silk has reached a higher development in the United States than many are aware. In 1880 there were 382 establishments, having a total capital of $19,125,300, employing 31,387 hands and disbursing annually $9,146,705 in wages. The net value of the material used was $15,569,160, and of the products $31,519,723.

LERCHEN.—Unless you have letters from him, you cannot bring action. If you have letters, you may obtain damages in a United States court; but then you must catch him here in order to obtain payment. You can do nothing—and we advise you to leave the matter alone, for you will only plunge into deeper expense, and gain nothing in the end.

BALLOTER.—The first Republican National Convention was held in 1856, and nominated John C. Fremont for President, for which he received 1,341,264 votes against 1,838,169 for James Buchanan, Democrat, who was elected. Fillmore was the American candidate and received 874,534 votes. The electoral vote stood: Buchanan, 174; Fremont, 114; Fillmore, 8.

BANE.—Scrofula is an inherited disease, and is therefore not easily gotten rid of, but its evil effects can be greatly lessened by plain food, constant exercise in the open air and strict cleanliness. By conforming to these simple rules, sleeping in a well ventilated room and letting quack medicines alone your general health will improve and the scrofulous symptoms be less pronounced.

T. C.—We would advise you to send a light blue French merino dress to a cleaner of such articles; it is a color which requires most careful treatment. You might try a small piece by the "bran" process, in the way in which crewel work is washed (i. e., in warm, soft water, in which bran has been boiled, the material being dried in the shade, and then ironed); but it is very likely not to answer so well as the dry method, which can only be done well by one of the trade.

COMTE.—Pessimism, according to a recent authority, may be briefly defined as despair endowed with personality. In the soul of the pessimist no sun of gladness ever arises, and in his life no star of hope is visible. Pure pessimism is not only hostile to religion, but it is the very negation of all that religion stands for. Nor is cynicism much better. A cynic is a man who tries to make himself out to be much worse than he is, in order to give himself an excuse to think that he is much better than he is. He is the incarnation of that flippant disbelief in goodness which utterly destroys all the enthusiasm and ideals of religion. Optimism, on the other hand, may be defined as sunshine. The optimist regards the ills and evils of existence as temporary episodes, and looks upon sorrow and pain as the minor chords in the majestic diapason of life. All optimists are not necessarily optimists all the time.

CURIOUS.—Various explanations have been given of the popular custom of throwing an old shoe after a bridal couple. Some think that it was originally intended as a mock assault on the bridegroom, and hence a survival of the ceremony of opposition to the capture of a bride. Others suppose that the shoe was formerly a symbol of the authority over her by her father or guardian; the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom thus indicating that the authority was transferred to him. By most people, however, the shoe throwing is considered to be merely symbolical of good fortune. Constant allusions to the practice occur in our old writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, for instance, thus refer to it:—

"Captain, your shoes are old; pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us;"

while Ben Jonson, in his Masque of the Gipsies, makes one of the gipsies say:—

"Hurls after an old shoe,
I'll be merry whate'er I doe."